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The Listener

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'Jeune fille au chapeau d'été': a pastel by Manet on view at the exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painters in London (see page 522)

In this number:

Dinner at the Pines (Alfred Noyes)
Sense and Sensibility in School Building (William Tatton Brown)
When Nature Explodes (Charles Elton)



A SWARM OF Bs

by PODALIRIUS

The affinity of the vitamins for the alphabet is well known. As they come to light, one by one, they assume, like royalty incognito, a letter rather than a name.

This was all very well until the revolt of vitamin B. A, B, C, and D appeared early, to be followed later by E and K. Medical students, in those early days, learned the list off in a twinkling, dismissing vitamin B ('it prevents that eastern thing, beri-beri') as one of the large class of facts, beloved by examiners, which have no bearing on real life. But since then vitamins have been multiplying; and vitamin B has already sprouted some dozen members and one or two of these are beginning to multiply again. Not even the Russian alphabet could keep pace with family life on this scale, and members of the vitamin B complex have had to come down to names, like the rest of us

They preserve us, between them, from a great deal of wretchedness; how much was only too well understood in the Japanese prison camps, during the war, where the diet was seriously deficient in vitamin B. Prisoners suffered from disorders of digestion, skin, eyes, nervous system, mouth and feet, all of which were due to lack of one or other of the members of this vitamin B complex.

And here is another interesting thing. In 1946, the Germans were getting a diet which was actually lower in nutritive value than that of the Japanese prison camps, but they showed no diseases due to lack of vitamin B (or indeed of any vitamin). That was because they were getting very dark brown bread, rich in wheat-germ; while the staple cereal in the Japanese camps was rice, and 'polished' rice—rice without the husk—at that.

Some or all members of the vitamin B complex are to be found not only in wheat-germ, yeast and rice husk, but in egg yolk, liver, kidney, peas, beans, lentils, cheese, green leafy vegetables, germinating seeds, soya beans, peanuts, meat, grass and the leaves of many plants—a wide enough choice, I used to think, until I read about the shifts the doctors in the Japanese camps were put to to provide the missing vitamins.

They had a small quantity of synthetic vitamin B; and after a time Red Cross parcels brought a supply of mixed vitamins. But in the bad times they had to grow yeast on sweet potato flour, extract riboflavine from cut grass and green leaves, grind the occasional allowance of soya beans to powder to make them go as far as possible, use all the leafy parts of vegetables and local plants, persuade their captors to let them have rice polishings, and use every other means they could devise for collecting and hoarding the vitamins of the B complex.

'What is more precious than water?' King Solomon once asked the Queen of Sheba (who had disparaged it). With a fair show of spirit she might have replied: 'Vitamin B complex runs it pretty close'.

* * * * *

We warn you, Podalirius, that you'll be hearing from the Tail-piece Writers' Union if you go on writing like this. We feel definitely redundant. The importance of Vitamin B . . . wheat germ as a source of that vitamin . . . you've said it all. It only remains for us to point out that wheat germ is the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement and that it is available to us all, in a specially stabilised and easily-digested form, as Bemax. Plain or chocolate-flavoured Bemax can be bought at any chemist.

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The Listener

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Thursday March 28 1957

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Christianity—Not Religion

The first of four talks for Lent on 'The New Man' by RONALD GREGOR SMITH

I BEGIN by asking a naive question: What do we really mean by Christianity? I remember in my student days having an argument with another student about whether Christianity was the best or the only true religion. At that time I was for Christianity as the best religion, as having the most amount of truth, even the fulness of truth. But my opponent saw Christianity as quite by itself, as the only true religion, unlike all the others, which were not really a revelation of God at all.

I now think we were both wrong. The approach was wrong. The assumption we both accepted was that Christianity was a religion. I could now say that the real meaning of Christianity is to be seen as an attack upon all religion. Is this too odd and paradoxical to be of any use to us? Are we not bound to say that Christianity is in some sense the summit of all our aspirations after an apprehension of God? Is that not the whole purpose of any religion? Must not Christianity fit into that definition of religion—whether as the best or the only true religion being a matter for debate? Are we not bound to define Christianity as a system of creeds and rites by means of which we assert God's existence, and try to serve him both in worship and in the effort to be better than we are? I do not mean to decry creeds and rituals, sermons and services, when I ask: Are these really what we mean by Christianity?

It is the oddity of Christianity which impresses me, and by this I do not mean the things that make it look like other religions, but rather the things that set it apart. I do not think any summary can be fair to the history and the claims of Christianity. If I try in the end to give some kind of summary, I am really trying to witness to someone who is beyond all summaries. If you look at the history of Christianity, how strange it is, and how difficult to assess! It has made at least one civilisation—the Middle Ages. And in its various forms it has spread

across the earth. Its claims are even more difficult to assess. For though Christianity has at certain times in its history had immense self-confidence, its claims have been very varied, and the object of suspicion and attack by people of integrity. It has sometimes claimed to be a support to morals and good government, and at other times it has been revolutionary and subversive of government. It has claimed to be the inspirer of justice, and it has been furiously attacked as the opiate of the people. It has claimed to be the foundation of modern science, yet many scientists have regarded it as the enemy of the truth, and the friend of illusion.

Where is the truth in this kaleidoscopic situation? Where is the reality? At least one thing is clear: we cannot look for an abstraction or quintessence of Christianity, which can as it were be securely bottled and used. This was the error of the theological liberals, our grandparents, who thought that Christianity could simply be reduced to one or two principles which had universal validity and could be applied to every situation. They were optimists, and they advanced, Bible in one hand, trade-book in the other, to bring light to the dark lands of the earth. But when you try to bottle Christianity in this way and use it as a cure-all, it evaporates. It is not a cure-all, in the sense of being a collection of information, or of universal truths which only need to be regularly applied in order to cure the ills of the world. But it is a cure, in quite a different sense: it is a cure for your anxiety.

Mr. T. S. Eliot has spoken of this

Whole earth which is our hospital
Endowed by the ruined millionaire.

He means that from the ruined millionaire, Adam, we are all heirs to this chief ill, which I call anxiety. We cannot be cured of this, or discharged from this earth our hospital, with maxims or rules. It is not enough to be told that God is our loving heavenly Father, and all men

are brothers. It is not even enough to have a demonstration of this information given to us in the life of Jesus. If that is all Christianity offers, then it is not radical enough. For the roots of our predicament are a tangled mass of desire and impotence. Neither information about the truth nor a demonstration of it in a life can help us to escape from the awful feeling of fate, of an inexorable nothingness which overwhelms us like a nausea or a dizziness, and puts a stop to hope, and a question-mark across all effort at betterment.

Kierkegaard's Assertion

It is true that in the past both the individual and society have managed to gloss over the effects of their own ailments; and in the present, too. But it has been no more than a glossing over. In one sense it can well be asked whether there has ever been a truly Christian society, or even a truly Christian individual. The Danish philosopher Kierkegaard even asserted that Jesus was the only true Christian who ever lived. I think we must at least say that the individual or the society which rests in the claim to be Christian has really escaped from the full claim made upon it by Christianity. For Christianity is not a resting-place. It is a radical question addressed to you in the depths of your being. And the adjective 'Christian' can be attached to a society or an individual only in the most fleeting and vague sense. For Christianity is not meant to be just an adjective attached to empires or civilisations or individuals. It is not just a means to bolster up society or to provide security for some favoured individuals.

All these ways of looking at Christianity can be summed up as various expressions of human effort. They are our own struggle to be better, to discipline ourselves, or to cut a way through the tangle of conflicting forces in our society. We are not what we can be. We all know this, and we bewail it.

I do not decry the achievements of mankind, or the visions of betterment and progress. Our modern world has glittering hopes still, and some of them may even be realised. But this does not touch the real point of Christianity. For beneath all the hopes and the efforts runs a sullen stream of dread and hopelessness. If you wonder about this, then ask yourself whether you are ready to be different, willing to effect a change which would help to secure the improvements you want in the world. When you ask yourself that, you must feel a real shock of emptiness and despair. All our efforts run out into the sand. We are really hopeless. Nothing that we fondly imagine we or our world can become is really going to happen if it depends on our efforts, our selflessness, or our devotion to this or that cause or party. In such a plight not even the most regular discipline of religion, not even the loftiest asceticism, can keep our feet from sinking in the morass. Religion itself, and all its practices, are part of the morass. They only serve to deepen our despair.

This is the point of no return. The world, and with it the religion of the world, fails you. Even Christianity, so far as it is offered as a piece of information about a good, even a perfect, life, the life of Jesus, may be said to fail you. And as an individual medicine, to cure you privately of this despair, it also fails you. It is not that you do not want to love your neighbour, even to believe that God is your heavenly Father, but the deeper question rises: Who are you? Who am I? Our answer can only be like the poet Bonhoeffer's, when he wrote from a Gestapo prison cell, shortly before his execution:

Who am I? They often tell me
I stepped from my Prison's confinement
Calmly, cheerfully, firmly,
Like a squire from his country house . . .

Am I really that which other men tell of?
Or am I only what I myself know of myself?
Restless and longing and sick, like a bird in a cage,
Struggling for breath, as though hands were clutching my throat . . .
Weary and empty at praying, at thinking, at making,
Faint, and ready to say farewell to it all?

Who am I? This or the other?
Am I one person today and tomorrow another?
Or is something within me still like a beaten army
Fleeing in disorder from victory already achieved?

Who am I? They mock me, these lonely questions of mine.
Whoever I am, Thou knowest, O God, I am thine.

So my first provisional answer must be a question-mark across the whole story, of society and civilisation, and our private lives, too. We are led to question everything we have done, and tried to do, and in

the end to question our very self, our being. Broken fragmentary creatures, not persons at all, but half-persons, quarter-persons. Religion cannot lead us further. It cannot make us whole. It cannot give us hope. Religion as maxims, signposts, rules, prescriptions, recipes, as even the most sacrificial offering of our labour, our money, our brains—all this can be admired, but it is not Christianity. It is on the wrong side of the morass. And every step we take with it takes us deeper into the depths. This is the religion of the world, it is the law, it is the human outreach.

This is what Jesus came to save us from. He came into the world to destroy this kind of religion. Christianity is not religion. It is not the schemes we lay. It is not the reverence we show on set, reverential occasions. It is not the due attention we pay to suggestions that religion can help the world to improve, or give the world an invigorating philosophy, or even provide it with an inner spiritual life, tagging along like a docile shadow to the weekly life, the real exhausting and exhilarating life of the week. Christianity is none of these things. If it is made the slave of the world, it sickens and dies. You can see, again and again, how it has adapted itself to the styles and plans of men. At first it brings a dash of something strange, even disturbing. Then it is given a high seat in the counsels of important men, and becomes just a meaningless variation on the plans of the world. And after a while the strange accents of its unearthly origin die away.

The Heart of the Matter

I know I have been rather negative, so far. But I do not mean to be destructive. I simply want to clear a way to the heart of the matter. The way is through defeat and despair and death. Religion leads us this way. Religion as human effort, as the summary of our desire to be better and to find a reasonable hope to live by, leads to these dead ends, defeat, despair, and death. At this point Christianity mounts its attack: at the key point of this dark scene; at man living, and dying, in history. And the dead end opens out into a new way. For this attack is also a rescue. The enemy to Christianity is religion, which I sum up as the effort of man to reach and possess God. But the enemy is not annihilated, he is transformed and won over, and his baggage, which is despair and defeat and death, is taken over by the victor, who is God.

'Whatever is not of faith, is sin', said St. Paul to the Corinthian converts. So I end with this brief definition, that Christianity is not religion, but faith in a revealed existence in history, that is, faith in Christ.—*Home Service*

Mr. R. A. Rendall

WE RECORD with deep regret the death on March 20 of Mr. R. A. Rendall, C.B.E. Mr. Rendall joined the staff of the B.B.C. in 1928. In 1937 he became Assistant Director of Television; during the war he was successively Director of Empire Services and Controller of Overseas Services. He was appointed Controller of Talks in 1945, a position he held until 1950 when he retired owing to ill health. Sir George Barnes writes:

Rendall's outstanding characteristic was gentleness; yet he achieved rapid success in a number of exacting posts of responsibility in a ruthless world. He built Talks into a department of fair comment despite the incessant probing of politicians; he organised the first television service in the world; he established broadcasting in Palestine, and conducted the Overseas Services throughout the war. How was this done? He had a power of exposition which made his orders easy to follow. His choice of staff was unconventional: the important posts so many now hold in the B.B.C. and outside it is their reward for his boldness. His integrity was evident, as were his charm and sense of fun; and he led his mixed bag by affection and by the respect which his conduct of the work inspired. They all became his friends: his family life was shared with them and with their families. For their sake he gave up privacy though somehow he found the time and energy to see his intimates. The price of achieving so much before the age of forty was an illness which crippled him, and after six years of retirement he died. The years of disability were eased for him and for his friends by the love of a devoted wife and a united family, and dignified by the courage which came from a life-long practice of the Christian virtues.



Kampala, capital of Uganda

South of Sahara—II

The Road to Independence

By WILLIAM CLARK

IN my first talk in this series* I mentioned that all over Africa the question was being asked: Is Ghana really ready for self-government? Now it is self-governing, and as other Africans watch it with passionate interest they are asking another question: 'If they can do it why can't we?' A great deal depends on the success of the Gold Coast experiment, but unless it fails disastrously the question why other African states should not follow them into self-government will continue to be heard loud and clear all over Africa south of the Sahara.

I spent the week before the Ghana celebrations in Uganda, and I spent the week after in Ghana's neighbour Nigeria. In both these countries there was intense interest in Ghana and more than a little jealousy: 'Why has Ghana got ahead of us?' To answer that question is to enumerate all the problems of Africa, all the difficulties of bringing these colonies of ours up to the point at which we cease to watch carefully over their politics, and instead watch prayerfully as they work out their own destiny.

What is in fact holding back Nigeria or Uganda from immediate self-government? I ought to begin by saying something which is perhaps not fully appreciated here or abroad:

it is *not* the British Government, nor the British colonial civil servants, who are holding up the forward march to independence. There may be differences about exact timing, there may be a reluctance to fix a date, but there is no doubt in Whitehall, or amongst its representatives in Africa, that these colonies are on the edge of self-government, and that our first and most urgent task is to prepare them for the final step.

Yet Nigeria does face real difficulties in the way of her self-government.

It is just about as rich as the Gold Coast, as well educated, its people are as advanced politically, and the economy of the country is much more stable. But there is still an unresolved struggle for power. As the British Government prepares to hand over its control, there is a quarrel amongst the Africans as to who shall take over that power. This situation is typical of the problems found all over Africa: for instance, it resembles the struggle between the Ashanti and the coastal tribes in Ghana, but in Nigeria, because of its size, it is easier to observe the play of forces.

Nigeria is an enormous country; figures can hardly make it clear, but in area it is four times as big as Great Britain, and its population of 31,000,000 (a little more than Spain) is



The waterfront, Lagos, capital of Nigeria

* THE LISTENER, March 21

seven times as large as that of the Gold Coast. Nigeria has been a unit, a single country, for only half a century, and then only because the whole area came under British rule. As I travelled round the country last week I could not help noticing how diverse the population was: the people of Lagos living in the steaming heat of the lagoons, wearing a pair of shorts that left most of their broad muscular bodies bare, were utterly different from the tall, thin Moslem Fulanis of the north, with long aristocratic noses and thin lips; wearing turbans and fully covered by their long, flowing robes, as they rode across the dry, dusty desert on their horses. The differences between these two peoples were at least as noticeable as those between an Englishman and an Italian.

A Common Fear

One thing all the peoples of Nigeria have in common is a fear that they may be dominated by members of another region of the country. It is this jealousy which has so far prevented Nigeria from making a united and successful claim to self-government. At the moment the country is a federation of three regions: the north, which is largely of the Moslem religion and makes up more than half the country; the west, with a population of 8,000,000 (about the same as Portugal) which is dominated by the Yoruba tribe; and the east, where 'Zik' won his elections last week, which is largely made up of the Ibo tribe. There is intense rivalry between these regions, which sometimes works out for good; for instance, in the eastern region election last week Dr. Azikiwe was proudly pointing to his record of democratisation, Africanisation, and so on as being faster and further than that of the west. But unfortunately the political parties tend to correspond to the tribal divisions. Ibos support the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons ('Zik's' party), the Yorubas support the Action Group, the Moslems of the north support the Northern People's Congress. This means that local interests are put before national interests, so that the present Federal Government simply would not work, it would break up, if it were not that the British Governor-General acts as referee and with infinite patience extracts or imposes agreement.

In May there is to be a conference in London to see if Nigeria can take some further steps towards self-government. I do not think Nigeria is likely to take the final step just yet towards complete self-government, because though both the east and the west regions are virtually self-governing already, the northern region is further behind and refuses to consider self-government for Nigeria as a whole, since it might so easily mean domination of the northern half of the country by the southern half. This backwardness of the north is again a common problem on the west coast of Africa, where it means in fact the backwardness of the Moslems. During the past half-century when the Africans on the coast have been Christianised, Europeanised, and educated by the missionaries, the proud and self-confident followers of Mohammed far away inland have had little cause to alter their way of life. It is a good way of life, well suited to the existing conditions of the desert, but it does not change, it does not progress. Almost too late the Moslems have woken up to the fact that they are being overtaken, and in the last three or four years have been frantically seeking education.

The Lesson of Ghana

There are the two main factors: jealousy between the tribes, differing levels of development between the regions, which are stopping Nigeria on the brink of self-government. But make no mistake, the lesson of Ghana has been learnt: already I have heard, time and again, particularly from young Nigerian students, the cry 'Why can't we sink our differences and unite like Ghana?' Nigerians want to govern themselves, they are determined to do so, and that may well force them to drop their differences, or to cover them up for the time being. Within three or four years, I believe, Nigeria will become an independent member of the Commonwealth like Ghana, and when it does it will mean that more than half of the people in the British Colonial Empire as it is today will have attained self-government. The impact of that on the rest of Africa under white domination will be beyond measure. Today in West Africa we are standing on the edge of one of the great watersheds in human destiny; Ghana has already shown which way history will flow.

Thousands of miles away, very bumpy air miles, in East Africa I found the news of Ghana's independence was the main topic of discussion in the vernacular African newspapers day after day. In Uganda which, like the Gold Coast and Nigeria, has never had a European settler

population, there was a great deal of talk about fixing a date for self-government. Yet I found few people of any race who thought the country would in fact achieve independent status within the next five or even ten years.

Europeans tend to say rather vaguely that Uganda is not 'ready' for self-government yet; Africans rather suspiciously believe that Uganda's political progress is being slowed up so as to avoid offending the white settlers in its neighbour, Kenya. What in fact are the differences between Uganda and Ghana that explain the difference in their political maturity? Perhaps the basic difference is that Uganda has not for long been brought into contact with European culture. In the Gold Coast, you are reminded by the Governor's residence at Christiansborg Castle—which was built by the Danes in the seventeenth century—that traders from Europe have penetrated the country for well over 300 years. In Uganda, on the other hand, Europeans only began to reach Kampala at the very end of the last century. With the traders came the missionaries, with the missions the schools and all that long process of education which inevitably results in political discontent with colonialism and the demand for self-government. In Uganda, because the missionaries were so active, the schools are widespread, but the European culture is comparatively new and thin, and in particular the number of people with higher education is very small, not yet enough to fill the higher ranks of the civil service.

Post-war Boom in Uganda

What I noticed, in comparison with Ghana and Nigeria, was that the level of political discussion amongst Africans was much lower. They demanded self-government, of course, but there was very little of the careful and cunning political strategy that I had noticed in the West. They want to be given self-government but they are only now beginning to learn how to achieve it. In economic affairs, too, the Africans of Uganda are less advanced than those of the West Coast. Until recently Uganda has been a poor country, but the post-war (and particularly the post-Korean war) boom in cotton and coffee prices has given it temporary wealth, which is already beginning to fade. However, it is not so much the wealth or poverty of a country which makes it capable of standing on its own feet, as the business ability of its people, and here Uganda (along with its neighbours, Kenya and Tanganyika) suffers from the fact that so few Africans have any business training. The trading firms are generally owned and operated by Indians. Most of the clerks, the post-office managers, the bank officials, the station-masters, and so on, are Asians, and the Africans are deprived of the education in minor responsibility that goes with their jobs.

These factors, the short contact with modern civilisation, the lack of Africans with higher education, the Indian monopoly of business life, have all tended to delay Uganda's approach to self-government; yet it would be fantastic to suppose that these can be written off as just a backward people; indeed as in Nigeria, as in Ghana, as all over Africa, we come up against this trouble: that part of the country is far advanced, part is far behind. The problem for us, the colonial power, is to try to reconcile the demand for self-government with the need of the country to remain united, if it is to prosper.

In Uganda there is one province, Buganda, which is far more advanced than the rest. It was the first to come into close contact with Europeans, but it already had, sixty years ago, a system of self-government which remains in effect, with some modifications, today. There is the head of state, the Kabaka; and parliament, the Lukiko; and a Prime Minister, the Katikiro, who with his cabinet is responsible for the orderly and effective government of more than a million people. If Uganda as a whole were to be granted self-government today, the other states feel afraid that the people of Buganda would soon effectively control the whole country, and there is some evidence that their rule would be harsher than that of the British.

So there is the dilemma that faces the new Governor, who was sworn in last month; it is the real dilemma facing British colonialism in many parts of Africa today. The question before him, before us, is not whether to grant self-government, it is when. If the grant comes too soon the country may break up into warring tribal regions, each far too small to be effective or prosperous states. But if self-government is delayed too long the country may indeed be united, but united against Britain in a struggle for that independence which Africans have learnt from us is their birthright.—*Home Service*

An official guide to Harlow, one of the new towns, entitled *Harlow 1957*, with maps and illustrations, has been published (Shenval Press, 3s. 6d.).

Understanding between East and West

By H.R.H. PRINCE CHULA OF THAILAND

IT must be fairly obvious that I strongly admire the British way of life. Although Thailand, or Siam, is my native land, I was brought up here as a boy at school and a young man at the university. My wife is English, and although we are both very happy when we are in Thailand, we also live here a great deal of the time at our Cornish home.

I am now going to tell you what I think we in Thailand and other Asian countries owe to the West, but I also want you to know what I think we in the East have to offer you. When I tell you this, I may sometimes sound critical of the West. If so, please do not think me ungrateful or sneering at western values. I speak as a sincere friend who wants to see East and West get on together even better.

What we owe most to the West is modern education. During the past sixty years Thailand alone has sent hundreds of students to western Europe. They have come to most countries from Britain to Russia, and some have gone to the United States. In Britain today we have over 900 students. In Bangkok we have an Old England Students' Club. On its walls you can see the arms of every British school and college attended by Thai students. It is probably the largest such collection in the world. Next to our own, English culture predominates and English is the chief foreign language

ing and understanding these people from the West; and the key to that, as well as to all modern western knowledge, was the English language.

King Mongkut lived as a Buddhist monk for twenty-seven years before he ascended the throne. He learned English from American missionaries and Latin from a French Roman Catholic bishop. He was intensely interested in comparative religion and could quote the Bible by chapter and verse. He wanted to pay the missionaries for their lessons. They asked to be allowed to try to convert him and the Buddhist monks instead, and to this he readily agreed. When he became King he had his children taught English by both female and male teachers.

My grandfather, King Chulalongkorn, went further. He travelled widely abroad and came to Europe twice. He spent a gay week-end with King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra at Windsor, and was probably the first eastern monarch who did not need an interpreter. When he opened the first modern school in Bangkok, he said: 'All the children, from my own to the poorest, should have an equal chance of education', and he meant it. Soon after he first sent four of his sons to Europe in 1885, he founded a competitive scholarship open to boys of all classes. When my own father was being brought up at the Russian Imperial Court a few years later, his Thai companion was a scholarship boy from a quite humble home.

That was the beginning of the little stream which has now become a river in



King Mongkut, great-grandfather of Prince Chula, in full royal regalia

taught in our schools.

We owe all this to our two great monarchs, King Mongkut and King Chulalongkorn. These two—they were father and son—were not some mythological rulers rendered ridiculous in 'The King and I', but real live kings, who were great-grandfather and grandfather respectively of the present Sovereign and of myself. King Mongkut's reign began in 1851, and his son King Chulalongkorn died in 1910. King Mongkut realised quite early that Europeans went to Asia not for conquest but for trade. But they did not hesitate to fight their way through if the door was shut against them, and this meant conquest in the end. King Mongkut decided that only through the open door could our independence be maintained. This required accept-

full flood. Hundreds of boys and girls, either by grants or paid for by their parents, have come to the West for their education. Most of them have returned home fully qualified in different professions, and failures are few and far between. There is hardly a single profession they have not entered, and some aeroplane pilots were qualified as long ago as 1912. Many of us studied the humanities, and there is hardly a single major European language which is not known to some of us. But we seldom learn western languages in our infancy. For example, I did not begin to learn English seriously until I was thirteen.

Today the educational system in Thailand is so improved and enlarged that it is no longer essential for us to send students to the West. The fine buildings of the Bangkok airport—unfortunately perhaps the best known buildings in my country because so many air travellers stop only there for a few short hours—were designed by a Thai architect who had never left the country. Yet students still come to the West largely to broaden their minds and see the world.

Our hundreds of students do not take home only their technical knowledge. They are proud of their western professional ethics. Thai doctors maintain their etiquette as strictly as their English counterparts. The independent and incorruptible attitude of our judges has always won surprise and admiration. Many of them have been trained at the English Bar. Most western team games have been successfully imported, especially football. The only exception, which I personally regret, is that excellent and hazardous game of cricket, which has not been seriously extended beyond the orbit of the British Empire and Commonwealth.

Yet almost none of our students have taken home with them pure western ethics, either in religion or philosophy. This may cause some

(continued on page 521)



Abbot of a country monastery in Thailand
Photographs by courtesy
of H.R.H. Prince Chula

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Cultural Broadcasting

DISCUSSION of cultural broadcasting is in the air. The B.B.C. is shortly to make an announcement about the future pattern of sound broadcasting, and several of our readers and independent critics have sprung forward in defence of the Third Programme which rumour averred has been under attack. Meanwhile a report has come to hand of a meeting of cultural radio programme directors organised by Unesco last spring. Mr. Stanley T. Donner then described the position in Canada and the United States. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is unique in that while it is a public corporation it derives part of its revenue from selected commercial broadcasts, and at the same time is not a monopoly. The C.B.C., according to Mr. Donner, places great emphasis on cultural broadcasting yet 'its policy has been to invest each programme according to its nature with that degree of relaxation, humour, stimulation, escape, inspiration or excitement necessary to arrest and hold the listener's interest'. This is a somewhat different approach from that of most of the European broadcasting systems which do not always temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Mr. Donner also pointed out that the rapid advent of television has improved the quality of sound broadcasting both in Canada and in the United States where new and interesting programmes have been invented under the stimulus of competition.

In western Europe, where television has not developed as swiftly as in America, there is still a great deal of cultural sound broadcasting. Beginning in 1949 the Hamburg and Cologne transmitters alternately broadcast a late evening programme called 'the Night Programme' which was modelled on the B.B.C. Third Programme. Parallel with this was the well-known Club d'Essai of the Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française, which is a contemporary of the B.B.C. Third Programme, and the Italian Terzo Programma which was modelled upon the latter. The Club d'Essai, essentially experimental, is by no means the only manifestation of French cultural broadcasting. M. Roger Lutigneaux, in charge of the Services des Emissions Culturelles, explained that the concern of the Club was less actual than his own. Nevertheless his aim was 'culture and not entertainment'; our role, he said, 'is to interest or at least to inform, and in any case to awaken and sustain intellectual curiosity'. Listeners who want something else, he added, had ample opportunities. In Italy, where there is a Second Programme as well as a Third Programme, the pattern has been somewhat similar to the existing one in the B.B.C., the Terzo Programma specialising in lectures, cultural courses, and a scientific series.

Thus in several countries it is accepted that there is a demand for and need to provide cultural programmes which appeal to a comparatively small audience, as distinct from such programmes aimed at 'the general public'. But even assuming an alert and well-educated audience, the problems of communication cannot be neglected. For instance, it was generally agreed at the Unesco conference that the difficulty of communication is serious in the scientific field: 'The B.B.C. has discovered', the report observes, 'that practically all atomic physicists are quite unable to make themselves understood by the man in the street'. The Controller of the Third Programme thought that it was high time that a technique was developed for enabling scientists to express themselves intelligibly; the real cause, he believed, was the excessive specialisation in their training. Indeed, if the cultural broadcasting of the future can contribute to the blending of modern science and the humanities it will perform a service to civilisation.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Bermuda conference

THE BERMUDA CONFERENCE attracted widespread comment. Although Moscow broadcasts claimed that nearly all American newspapers considered that 'the Anglo-American disagreements are so great' that they could scarcely be ironed out at Bermuda, in fact many American newspapers expressed confidence about the outcome. For, in the words of the *Baltimore Sun*, 'in all essentials Britain and the U.S.A. see eye to eye'. On specifically Middle East issues, *The Washington Post* was quoted as calling for an American warning to President Nasser, and recalling that the assurances to Israel amounted to a pledge of honour which could not be compromised without sullying America's reputation. Newspapers quoted from France emphasised how much peace in the Middle East depended (in the words of the left-wing *Franc Tireur*) on 'American firmness and on Eisenhower's loyalty to his own principles'. *Le Monde* was quoted as saying:

At Munich, the British and French thought they could maintain peace by surrendering Czechoslovakia. At Yalta, the Americans thought they could save Asia by sacrificing a part of Europe. May they fear to lose everything in the Middle East by sacrificing Israel!

Le Figaro was quoted as speaking of the encounter at Bermuda between United States 'optimistic moralism' and British 'neo-realism'. From Australia, *The Adelaide Advertiser* was quoted as saying:

The Suez Canal crisis was chiefly the result of the failure of the U.S.A. to respect or even understand the British point of view. The situation in the Middle East under the new management of Mr. Dulles and Mr. Hammarskjöld has deteriorated to such an extent that Egypt and Israel are very nearly back to the point at which they had arrived when Britain and France intervened five months ago.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* was quoted as commenting:

If Nasser established himself again in a position to blackmail canal users and to forward his aim of destroying Israel, the United Nations would be weakened beyond recovery.

Cairo radio quoted *Al-Gumhuriya* as saying:

The day peace prevails in the Middle East, we can be confident that the end of Israel has come.

A 'Voice of the Arabs' broadcast from Cairo stated:

A few days ago Macmillan, the imperialist British Prime Minister, revealed the vilest imperialist plan ever known to mankind, which aims at reducing the authority of the U.N. and increasing the powers of the Security Council... where Macmillan and other imperialists can exercise the veto.

A Damascus broadcast from Syria said that President Nasser 'has emphasised that Egypt will resume banning Israel ships from using the Suez Canal'. A 'Voice of Zion' broadcast from Israel said that if the western leaders were 'to decide at Bermuda publicly to reiterate their endorsement of the assurances which preceded Israel's withdrawal, it is unlikely that Nasser would dare to court another disaster by repeating his pre-Sinai actions'. The announcement in Bermuda that the United States was willing to join the military committee of the Baghdad Pact was warmly welcomed by member countries, including Turkey, Iraq, and Pakistan.

On March 20 Moscow radio broadcast a speech made four days earlier by Marshal Zhukov to 'distinguished members of the Soviet Army', in which he spoke of the Soviet Union being today 'at a peak of its greatness and glory'. He went on to speak of the attempt by 'the British, French, and Israeli aggressors... backed by reactionary U.S. imperialists' to subject Egypt again 'to colonial slavery'.

The Soviet Government came resolutely out in Egypt's defence and issued grave warnings with regard to Britain, France, and Israel. The firm attitude of the Soviet Union played the decisive part in the bridling of the imperialist aggressors. The Anglo-French troops met with a worthy rebuff on the part of the Egyptian army and people; they suffered a military and moral-political defeat and were forced to leave Egypt. However, the imperialists of the U.S.A. hastened to take the place of the British, French, and Israeli aggressors in the Near East. A new imperialist plan for the seizure of that area, known as the Eisenhower doctrine, has emerged.

Marshal Zhukov forecast that any future war would be waged 'in an extremely acute form on land and sea and in the air'; and 'the American imperialists' could not reckon on their country being immune: 'The Soviet air force is able to deal a crippling blow to any enemy, wherever he be, wherever he may hide'.

Did You Hear That?

TREES AND RESERVOIRS

WHAT HAVE RESERVOIRS and forestry to do with one another?' asked J. D. U. WARD in 'Window on the West'. 'First, water must be gathered where there is plenty of it; where it is pure; and where there are not too many people. Those last two points hang together. The smaller the human population, the less danger of pollution. Then the question arises, 'What best can we do with the land immediately around the reservoir, or even in the catchment area generally?' The obvious answer is, if you want very few people and no more livestock than necessary, grow timber. Then it is also desirable to have the surface of the ground adequately covered so that it will gradually absorb rainfall and then release the water. Ground planted with trees produces that effect. The roots make it a little more like one great sponge, and at the same time they hold the soil so there is less chance of quantities of mud and silt being washed into the reservoirs after abnormal rainstorms.

'That is why in Wales and the Lake District one can see vast plantations round the great reservoirs. In some parts of Somerset and Devon there is a feeling that such wholesale planting would be out of place, especially if the land is neither steep nor poor. Or the reservoir owners may not in fact own much of the surrounding land. Yet trees are felt to be generally a good thing. In the Chew Valley the emphasis has been on amenity. Much thought has been given to appearances in the planning of plantations and the selection of species. Most of the trees are deciduous. At Sutton Bingham, where the scale is smaller, it is felt that the plantations should make some financial return. Here preliminary ploughing is advised and then a mixture of Norway spruce with beech is recommended near

the railway, which runs alongside the reservoir. In another site Japanese larch; in another Sitka spruce; in another poplars. The Sutton Bingham country is of typically park-like character and the forestry adviser has said that in one place with good soil the Yeovil Rural District Council could grow anything they liked.

'All sorts of odd things have to be considered. A railway means an increased fire hazard. Railways cause hundreds of forest fires every year and they are in fact the worst single cause of these fires. So, near the line must go beech or some other broad-leaved species less likely than conifers to be sparked off. Normally trees should not be on the edge of the water where they might spoil the fishing. Fishing ranks quite high among a reservoir's minor uses. Incidentally, bird-watchers also take a lively interest in new reservoirs. Large sheets of water where none existed before may mean some welcome addition to the local bird population. Then there is something special to be said for conifers where trees come fairly near the water: broad-leaved trees can be a nuisance when autumn gales drift their foliage on the surface'.

RESTORING THE BRANDENBURG GATE

Work has begun on restoring Berlin's famous landmark, the Brandenburg Gate. GUY HADLEY, B.B.C. correspondent in Berlin, spoke about this in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The Brandenburg Gate', he said, 'was built in 1791 on Unter den

Linden, a massive archway crowned by a female figure of victory driving a quadriga, a chariot with four horses. The quadriga was removed to Paris by Napoleon's troops but brought back later. All through the period of German expansion last century the Brandenburg Gate was the setting for ceremonial marches and processions, and it survived the destruction of the last war, though battered and forlorn.

'In recent years the Brandenburg Gate has been for Berliners the main entrance to the Communist half of the city in east Berlin. The quadriga, or chariot, has disappeared—a wartime casualty—and in its place the Red Flag of Soviet Russia has floated in the air, except for a brief spell during the riots of 1953 when it was torn down. The arches themselves are scarred by bombs and shells and with the ruins of old Bluecher's Palace nearby and the wreck of the former Reichstag or parliament building they form an ironic comment on the nemesis of German conquest.

'Today there are workmen and scaffolding round the Brandenburg Gate and traffic is diverted. The task of restoring it has begun and will probably last for more than a year. And, in a small way, the Gate is still making history for its reconstruction is a joint effort by the politically divided authorities of west and east Berlin. In fact, it is the first time they have undertaken a common task since the city was split in two. The East German City Council is restoring the fabric of the archway, and the West Berlin Senate is providing a new chariot and victory figure at an estimated cost of over £20,000'.

A DYING TRIBE?

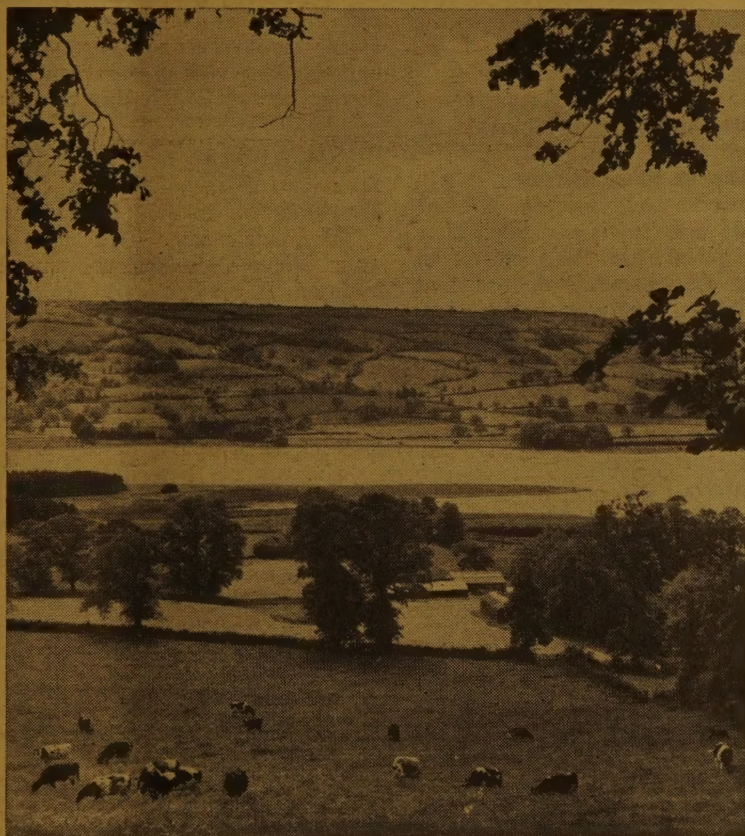
DR. ALAN CUNNINGHAM has returned to Britain after leading an expedition to study a hitherto unknown tribe of Indians on the north Atlantic coast of South America, who are probably the

descendants of an extinct civilisation. Dr. Cunningham spoke about his investigations in a talk in the Home Service.

'This tribe of Indians', he said, 'might be dominated by three factors: the ever-present sunshine, which ripens their yams and cocoa, their sugar cane and bananas; the cold glacial waters of the brawling Rio Donacui, and, lastly, a lake they have not even seen. The lake, known as the Mother of the World, is regarded as the final resting place of the Indian's spirit, and lies up among the great peaks which pierce the blue sky west of the village. There was no doubt among the villagers regarding the actual existence of the lake, and their brown arms pointed towards the vast glaciers of the mountain called El Guardian. The lake was in that direction in the region called *Chundua*, which means the abode of death.

'Our climbing party was naturally anxious to ascertain the existence of the lake, and we actually found it. A few days later, from a previously untrodden summit, we gazed over a wilderness of silent mountains. Far beneath us, in a rocky basin, an elliptical lake turned a vivid green eye to the heavens. Unquestionably, this was the Mother of the World.

'The Indians, who call themselves by the tribal name Habundigwa, are a dwindling community, numbering about 400 today. The greatest killer seems to be amoebic dysentery, which takes a toll bigger than that of the rattlesnake or the boa which infest the woods along the Donacui. They live in a village called Sogrome, a small cluster of huts



Blagdon reservoir, north Somerset, where park-like surroundings have been maintained. On the left can be seen the edge of a conifer plantation
J. D. U. Ward

with conical thatches, lying among a few bright-green rectangles of cultivation. It is utterly isolated from the outside world, in its high, Andean valley, and its Indian inhabitants rarely look up as the occasional aircraft, a speck of sound in the high mountains, passes south to Bogota.

'It is doubtful if Sogrome will be inhabited in fifty years' time. We rarely saw even a middle-aged person. Life is hard; the Indians are addicted to the drugging cocoa leaf, and they have no idea of the connection between dirt and disease.

'In spite of this, the Habundigwa fight their losing battle with nature with dignity as well as determination. Proud of carriage, shrewd and energetic, they are physically a most attractive people. The women have black hair, which they comb to shoulder level. It tones well with their copper skin. Their slanting eyes give their faces an Egyptian calmness of expression. Both men and women wear the same style of clothing—calf-length trousers and a smock bound at the waist with cord sashes. Their clothes are striped with bright colours, and all Indians, even the children, carry two decorated bags; these contain the leaves of the cocoa bush, which the Indians eat constantly between meals.

'Cocoa supplements a rather limited and starchy diet, makes a man better able to face the freezing dawns, and drugs him into a state of stupor and euphoria. There is much to be learned about these strange Indians. Their social organisation, in which the men live in one hut and the women live in small encircling huts, is curious. Their religion, which has connections with sun worship, is a riddle. They wear ornaments and pieces of jewellery looted from the graves of an Indian civilisation which was old when the Spaniards first reached America, but of which we still know nothing. And why is it, do you think, that two Indian languages are in use in the little village of Sogrome, which are so different that the people who speak one cannot converse with even immediate neighbours who speak only the other?'

A FAMOUS QUAKER

'The north-west of England', said NORMAN NICHOLSON in 'The Northcountryman', 'has long been popular with American visitors. Of these few can have looked odder than one of the earliest of them: John Woolman, who came in the eighteenth century. The oddness of his appearance was not due to personal idiosyncrasy. It was due to his principles. For Woolman was a Quaker and one who was inexorably opposed to Negro slavery, because of which he would have nothing whatever to do with goods of any sort that were produced by slave labour. Among such goods were various vegetable dyes, which explains why his appearance was so odd. For he dressed entirely in undyed cloth and must have looked as if he were wearing sacking.

'It was in 1772 that Woolman—in his own words—felt "a religious concern to visit Friends in the northern parts of England". George Fox's wife came from Swarthmore Hall, near Ulverston, and some of his most famous followers came from Westmorland. Woolman, therefore, having landed at London in June, made straight for the north.

'He covered the whole distance on foot—and for characteristic reasons. He had heard, he said, of stage coaches being driven till the horses dropped down dead, and of post boys enduring great hardship from exposure to the cold on winter nights. So he chose to walk rather than patronise such a service. He even forbade his relatives in America to write to him more often than was strictly necessary, so that the letters need not have to be carried in the mail coaches. All this may suggest a character so austere, and a conscience so determined, as to be rather uncomfortable to live with. But such was not the case with John Woolman. There is something touching in the diffidence which he felt whenever he had to bring his scruples to the notice of others.

'He travelled through Sheffield and Settle until he reached Westmorland. Everywhere he noted the price of food and coal and desperate conditions under which many of the working people were living. It is not too much to say that he felt their sufferings as if they were his own. His sense of

sharing in the suffering of all humanity was wonderfully expressed in a dream which he wrote down in his journal. The dream had come to him some two years before, in America, but it was set down while he was in the north of England. "In a time of sickness", he wrote, "I was brought so near the gates of death that I forgot my name. Being then desirous to know who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull gloomy colour between the south and the east, and was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be and live, and that I was mixed with them, and that henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being".

'That was written near Kendal. Afterwards, he visited Preston Patrick and then went over the Pennines to York, where he contracted smallpox and died in the house of a tanner. His patience and his courage throughout his illness impressed all who were with him. They knew him, beyond doubt, as a man of true greatness. But what they did not know—and what he himself would not for one moment have suspected—was that the pages of his journal would one day be counted among the loveliest autobiographies in the language; and that this quiet, unpretentious visit to the north of England would become part of the literary heritage of the American people.'

BRIDGWATER AND ITS HISTORIANS

Speaking of the Oldmixon historical club in Bridgwater BERTA LAURENCE said in a talk in the West of England Home Service:

'The club's name itself takes us back into the history of Bridgwater. John Oldmixon was an eighteenth-century pamphleteer and historian. A contemporary described him as "a virulent Party-writer for hire, who received his reward in a small place". The small place was Bridgwater, where Oldmixon was given the post of Collector of Customs, as a reward for his services to the Whig Party. The Customs House was in what is now King Square, and probably that is where Oldmixon lived as well as worked. You can still see the moss-covered tomb of the Oldmixon family in St. Mary's Churchyard.

'His customs post must have left Oldmixon plenty of time for writing, judging by the quantity he poured out. Poor Oldmixon, his writings are very dull—Pope sneered at him as a prize dullard in *The Dunciad*—and down to the last they publish his grievance that the public and his political party had given him only a stingy reward. "Life in Bridgwater", he wrote, "is not worth living".

'A huge calf-bound copy of one of Oldmixon's historical works, dated 1730, used always to lie on the table at meetings of the club. One of the most interesting things it records is that, when he was a boy, Oldmixon stood on the town bridge with three Gothic arches that the Bridgwater merchant, John Chubb, sketched so charmingly in water-colour a hundred years later, and there he saw the poor peasant rebels of the Monmouth Rising returning from their terrible punishment after capture in the cornfields and ditches of Sedgemoor. He never forgot seeing one wounded man lie down on the quayside to die.

'The founders of the club, back in 1913, were the Rev. Clement Pike and two other Bridgwater men of character and scholarship—Mr. Bruce Dilks, who did an enormous amount of work on the early archives of the borough, and Mr. Maurice Page, who carried out wide research on local history and was a great authority on the Battle of Sedgemoor. You can find a worthy character-study of these two men in Edmund Vale's book *Straw into Gold*'.



A painting of Almery Garth, York, where John Woolman died

Dinner at the Pines

Reminiscences of Swinburne by ALFRED NOYES

WHEN I was at Oxford, between 1898 and 1902, undergraduates read a great deal of Swinburne. Before I left Oxford, when I was staying with one of my friends in London, we walked past Swinburne's house—'The Pines' on Putney Hill—and my companion, who was a great admirer of Swinburne, told me he always took off his hat as he passed the gate, which he did on this occasion, and observed: 'I believe in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, and Swinburne'. I felt that, too.

I wrote a poem for his seventieth birthday which was published in *The Fortnightly Review*. I didn't send it to him but I think the editor did, and I got a delightful letter from Swinburne consisting of one splendid Swinburnean sentence, which said: 'I wish that my appreciation of your praise could give you half the pleasure that Victor Hugo's appreciation of my tributes repeatedly gave to me'. I thought that the little distinction between praise and tributes in that one sentence was really a touch of exquisite courtesy in an older man to so young a writer. Of course, I had written to thank him for his letter, and shortly after that I got an invitation to dine at 'The Pines'.

You must remember that I was a very young man and very awestruck at going there, so I didn't exactly take notes; but there were pictures by Rossetti, and Morris wallpapers. The furniture was, I should say, rather Victorian; but there were some articles of furniture which certainly were not—not Victorian at all. I think Swinburne really liked to feel that he was back in the Elizabethan days, and it was for that sort of reason that he liked to use candlelights rather than electricity or gas or any other modern lighting arrangements. I believe we had lamb and mint sauce, followed by a very ordinary sweet of some kind, but I really was so much more interested in Swinburne that I can't quite remember what I ate. He wore very neat clothes but there was a certain old-womanish look about some of his equipment. For instance, he wore elastic-sided boots, which was not at all what one expected of the poet of 'Dolores' and 'Hesperia'.

There are many things that his biographers have said that didn't seem to me to be at all true. I never saw his hands twitching as Gosse described them, or any of those peculiar attitudes which the caricaturists were so fond of representing. But I did notice that he had rather delicate and weak fingers, because one of the amusing things that happened at that little dinner was that he tried to open one of those screw-top bottles of beer, and his fingers couldn't manage it. So he set it on the table in front of him and hissed at it. Nothing happened, of course, but I unscrewed it for him; then he was all the gracious host again, and before he had been a little sulphurous.

Of course he was an old man when I met him; he was over seventy. But there was a certain bird-like look about him. His shoulders sloped away in an extraordinarily bird-like way. The curious thing is that although he was a tiny little man with tiny little hands and tiny little feet, when he sat down he gave you the impression of being a biggish man: I don't know whether it was because he had a long body and a big head, but at the table he didn't look at all the little fellow that is always suggested by the descriptions of him.

The famous aureole, of course, had gone. It had been replaced by a fringe of grey hair surmounted by a very pink dome of bald head. It is curious that some people—Gosse included—have compared the

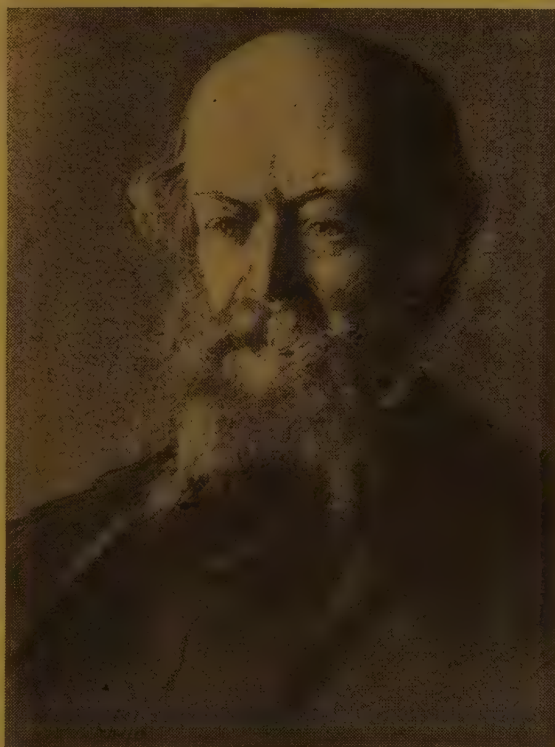
shape of his head with that of Shakespeare. When I saw him at 'The Pines' (and of course before I had read Gosse or Max Beerbohm) it did occur to me that there was a resemblance in his head to that of Shakespeare. But as he talked it lost that particular resemblance, and more than once it seemed to me that he might have been a younger brother of Walter Scott, who also had a very high forehead; and, curiously enough, it was when Swinburne was speaking of riding in the North Country, and sometimes of the sea, that the suggestion of Scott came into my mind.

I think that Gosse's description of the merciless expression of his eyes was true. It was a curious fact that although Swinburne made some very humorous remarks, I don't remember ever seeing a smile or hearing him laugh. There was a sort of fixed expression on his face, but there was something else which struck me as much more extraordinary: once or twice, when one was talking of some of his heroes, like Landor and Victor Hugo, a curious light came upon his face, which did suggest somehow—it seems perhaps a fantastic thing to say—that the light of immortality was shining upon it.

One of the first things I discovered when I went to see him was that it was unnecessary for me to say very much: I only had to be a good listener. There was a good deal of talking after dinner and Swinburne launched out into a wonderful description of a walk he had taken along the coast, which he also commemorated in a poem called 'By the North Sea'. He did, in his conversation, pour out a most extraordinary stream of what one might almost call jewelled ideas. His description of his walk by the North Sea was exactly that. It was a torrent of beautiful language and beautiful description. It was amazing because the walk took place about forty years earlier, and he remembered the most minute details of certain rock pools he had seen and described what he called 'certain little lozenges of colour' in them.

He was mistaken for a merman once, you know, and some French fishermen picked him up; he was carried out to sea, a long way from shore. He couldn't really swim very well; he drifted about in the sea. He was picked up by these fishermen and astonished them by sitting on some nets in the stern of their boat and reciting Victor Hugo to them. He talked about Victor Hugo as if he were almost a god of his idolatry. Curiously enough, he talked most about Dickens. He worshipped Dickens, a curious thing because you would think that Dickens was entirely out of his realm. Swinburne was very much in the Rossetti and Burne-Jones and Pre-Raphaelite set in one sense, but when he talked of Dickens you felt somehow that he was a contemporary of Ford and Dekker and Ben Jonson and the Elizabethans. You felt somehow that he just fitted in with the 'Mermaid' crew. He was a great traditionalist, and to him tradition did not mean the observance of dull conventions: it meant the handing on of the divine fire from the Greeks right down to the present day, and when he was attacked for what some of the mere conventionalists called his 'daring', he was able to reply with true pride: 'I write as others wrote, on Sunium's Height'.

I think he almost called himself the 'stormy petrel of English poetry', and it was just this independence which a more conventional age parodied—as, for instance, Owen Seaman in 'Punch': a very delightful parody in which he imitated one of Swinburne's favourite metres:



Algernon Swinburne (1837-1909) at the age of sixty-three
National Portrait Gallery

Far rolling my ravenous red eye,
And lifting a mutinous lid,
To all monarchs and matrons, I said I
Would shock them, and did.

Shortly after I came to live in the Isle of Wight, about two or three miles from Bonchurch which was Swinburne's old home, I talked with the ancient sexton of the churchyard where the whole Swinburne family is buried—all his sisters, as well as his father and mother—and the sexton told me of an incident at the funeral of Swinburne's mother, Lady Jane Swinburne. He said: 'Mr. Swinburne, being an atheist, came down to his mother's funeral in a velvet coat and a slouch hat, and he wouldn't kneel down neither, by her grave. But his aunt was a big strong woman, caught hold of him by the shoulders and forced him down on to his knees and said: "Kneel down, Algernon, kneel down!" And this was at the side of the grave, and if I hadn't been kneeling close behind Mr. Swinburne and caught a hold of his ankles, 'ead over 'eels into his mother's grave he would have gone'.

One of the first and most startling things that Swinburne said to me was distinctly non-Victorian. Watts-Dunton had mentioned some gruesome newspaper sensation that had just come out about that time, and Swinburne stared straight at me and, as if he were challenging me to a duel, he said: 'Christianity itself never conceived anything more ghastly'. Swinburne in those days was looked upon as almost hermetically sealed off from the younger generation. There was a good deal of criticism at the time of the way in which Watts-Dunton protected Swinburne from the outside world. In fact, it was often suggested that he kept Swinburne like a kind of tropical bird in a cage. But that suggestion was almost entirely dispelled by what I saw that evening. It seemed to me that without Watts-Dunton he would have been a ship without a helm.

Watts-Dunton was almost as short as Swinburne; much more burly, and with rather a walrus moustache and a very deep voice. I did say what I thought were a few sensible things but neither of them heard because both Swinburne and Watts-Dunton were almost stone-deaf, so I just got comfortably accustomed to the idea that it didn't matter what I said or whether I said anything at all, and in a lull of the extremely interesting shouts which were exchanged by Swinburne and Watts-Dunton I did say something about the weather. I thought that I had to make my lips move as a sort of gesture anyway, and, to my horror, Swinburne noticed it and in a loud shout asked me what I'd said. I was rather stunned by this, and for the moment I was silent, and they both thought that I was deaf, too, so Swinburne shouted to Watts-Dunton, and Watts-Dunton relayed the enquiry to me with another shout, saying: 'Swinburne wants to know what you said to him'. I tried to tell the truth but it didn't get over, and this led to such an intensity of anxiety to know what I had said that I felt I had to improvise something sensible, so at the top of my voice I asked if Swinburne didn't think that Matthew Arnold owed a great deal to Keats, and happily Swinburne agreed with that.

I cannot quite account for the line that Gosse took about the association of Swinburne with Watts-Dunton, and I could never understand the way in which certain critics at that time talked as if they would have preferred Swinburne to die at an early age by drinking himself to death, and suggested that this would have been in the

interests of his genius, because obviously his genius would have died simultaneously. It seems to me that anyone who realised the disasters that might have happened to Swinburne but for Watts-Dunton would see that he was doing the right thing. Gosse had a special delight in that peculiar type of literature which later on became associated with Lytton Strachey. He once said that he had modelled himself on the cat, so that he would at one moment be very pleasant and stretch out a velvet paw, and the next moment, before the victim was aware, he was receiving a pretty deep scratch. Barry Pain had no great opinion of Gosse as an expert on Swinburne, and in a letter to me enclosed some lines which expressed his feelings on a certain eulogy which Gosse had written on Swinburne after his death:

Whatever ill our thorny path attends;
May God Almighty save us from our friends!
Or if His wisdom still ordains this cross,
Spare us at least a eulogy from Gosse.

It seems to me really a sin against the integrity of literary history that Gosse and Wise should have omitted from the collected edition of Swinburne all the elaborate dedications to Watts-Dunton, except one very small one which they possibly overlooked. They omitted the twenty-page prose dedication which Swinburne gave as a preface to the collected edition published in his lifetime, and in which he called Watts-Dunton 'his best and dearest friend'; they omitted his name from the dedication of another volume. They retained the poem in which the dedication was made, but they omitted the name of the dedicatee, although the last lines of that poem said—and they were perfectly true as a description of Watts-Dunton's protection of Swinburne:

There is a friend, that as the wise man saith,
Cleaves closer than a brother, Nor to me
Hath time not shown through days like waves at strife
This pearl, most precious found in all the sea,
That washes towards your feet, these waifs of life.

That is exactly what Swinburne would have been himself if it had not been for Watts-Dunton: 'a waif of life'. As it was, he had a very happy life spent among his books, and he was able to produce—perhaps his greatest work—'Songs before Sunrise', which we should not have had if it hadn't been for Watts-Dunton. For instance, the world would be very unwilling to lose that great poem 'In San Lorenzo', in which Swinburne invokes the marble figure of night by Michelangelo.

Is thine hour come to wake, O slumbering Night?
Hath not the Dawn a message in thine ear?
Though thou be stone and sleep, yet shalt thou hear
When the word falls from heaven—Let there be light.
Thou knowest we would not do thee the despite
To wake thee while the old sorrow and shame were near;
We spake not loud for thy sake, and for fear
Lest thou shouldst lose the rest that was thy right,
The blessing given thee that was thine alone,
The happiness to sleep and to be stone:
Nay, we kept silence of thee for thy sake
Albeit we knew thee alive, and left with thee
The great good gift to feel not nor to see;
But will not yet thine Angel bid thee wake?*

—Home Service

* Published by Heinemann

Circles

And with the day's bright wheel we roll,
hands whirled toward touch, then whirled apart;
from which we guess by halves the whole
unaltered radius of the heart;

but never guess what lips would find,
joined but to break at every tilt,
wearing away from flesh the rind
we filmed with our first guilt.

Fevers and chills that fell bright leaves
fill flesh each striking of the bell;
the permanent kiss on each mouth grieves,
and from the day's bright wheel we roll.

And on the night's dark wheel are laid
the body's wants, as on a rack,
stretching through arcs that love once made
in the bitter mimicry of lack,

until the two twelves of the clock
act out their instant like a game
and half-hearted kisses interlock
two strangers without face or name,

divided by seasons through which we gaze
on the receding heart whose light
spins on decimals of dark days
through burning wheels of the night.

KENNETH PITCHFORD

Style and Vision in Art—II

ERIC NEWTON, in the second of five talks, discusses period vision

IN the bird's-eye view of the complicated factors that make up an artist's style,* we decided that whereas each artist has his own habit of mind, every period has its own habit of eye. That is easily said; and when one looks at a mixed collection of paintings of different periods, as one does at the National Gallery, it is easily seen. But what determines those stylistic changes? Do they obey fixed laws? Is the march of period vision a progress in a predetermined direction, or is it not a progress at all but the result of a casual coming together of ingredients that cannot be foreseen?

Imagine that some great artist—let us say Rembrandt—instead of being born in a small Dutch town in the first decade of the seventeenth century had appeared in an Italian city two centuries earlier or in France a century later. He would certainly still have been a painter, a wizard in the manipulation of paint, and a human being of unusual sensitivity and penetration. But the pictures he would have painted would not be the pictures we know. 'The Night Watch' would never have come into being, because in fifteenth-century Italy no one would have wanted a big group of portraits of respectable middle-class citizens—altogether too democratic a theme: equally unthinkable in eighteenth-century France where democracy had never established itself. And if the picture's subject would have been impossible at any other moment, how much more so its style—its mysterious, grave handling of fitful light emerging from darkness. Fifteenth-century Italy detested mystery: it wanted clarity. Eighteenth-century France detested gravity: it wanted elegance. Yet Rembrandt, whenever he was born, would have been a genius. In each age he would have given his contemporaries something they wanted, because he would have shared their hopes and ambitions and beliefs: but also he would have given them something more than they wanted because he would still have been Rembrandt—unique, exceptional, surprising, yet never swimming against the cultural current of his time.

If there are a thousand possible ways of being Rembrandt, imagine that thousand multiplied by the number of great artists the world has produced. The possibilities are infinite.

To contemplate infinity for long is disheartening and unprofitable.



'The Entombment': Dirk Bouts, in the middle of the fifteenth century, expresses himself in terms of meticulous line—

By courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery



—while Tintoretto, exactly a century later, sees the same subject in terms of light and is equally expressive

Let me narrow the field to a single example. In 1480 a picture was, roughly speaking, a statement about shapes, and in 1510 it was a statement about volumes. Both statements may be equally true, if one measures truth by its reference to verifiable facts. Yet, oddly enough, both statements are incompatible. They cannot live together in the same painting without losing—both of them—their full force. Michelangelo's bounding lines in 1510 are just as firm as Botticelli's were in 1480 but they have lost their eloquence. They are relics left over from a previous generation and incorporated into Michelangelo's style because he has not yet learned how to get rid of them; they are not an integral part of his vision. That shift from one kind of truth to another is only one among hundreds of instances I could have chosen. The fact that vision does shift, and that style shifts with it, is familiar to us all. What interests me is why. If one could draw a graph of these changes, would it be a steady, progressive line or a random zig-zag, a muddle with no pattern behind it?

There is a pattern and quite a strict one, but not a simple one. The artist is, and always will be, a maker of images: and the images he makes are the outward expression of his inner life—his curiosities, his enthusiasms, his aspirations. Botticelli and Michelangelo both got hold of a bit of the truth, but they were both of *visual* truth—the bits *they* were curious and enthusiastic about. It

happens that both artists belonged to an art cycle that was mainly concerned with the beauty of the material, visible, tangible world. It is the cycle that began slowly in Italy at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and went on for about six centuries, methodically discovering and announcing material beauty, always getting hold of a new bit, abandoning the old bit, proving, searching, solving problem after problem, until by the end of the nineteenth century the search was nearing its end. And I am convinced that the shifts of style and vision during that cycle of what could be called 'terrestrial beauty', do follow a fixed pattern: not necessarily a 'progress', which implies improvement, but a 'development' which implies one thing growing out of another in a fixed sequence.

The Concern with 'Spiritual Beauty'

I want to return to that sequence. But meanwhile let us consider what happened before the cycle began and what is happening now that it has, as I see it, finished. Think of the long period we call 'Medieval' when the physical beauty of the world we live in had hardly been discovered: when artists were still using their eyes but were not looking for 'terrestrial beauty'. They were concerned with something that we must roughly label 'spiritual beauty'. The images they made were not images of the physically desirable. The noble rhythms of the human body, the loveliness of landscape in sunshine, the light that caresses a peach or a bank of bright cloud did not interest them. Christianity, with its emphasis on the destiny of the human soul, had started a sudden emotional revolution and broken down man's sense of physical beauty, and, with it, man's visual curiosity about the world he lived in. Medieval art can give us no images of opulence or physical nobility. It is content with symbols.

Yet those spiritual symbols can be as evocative and as powerful as the later visual images of the Renaissance or the earlier images that had been evolved by the Greeks. The very fact that the medieval world denied the beauty of the human body and the beauty of the teeming world left it free to be extravagantly imaginative. The images it made could be wildly distorted, as fanciful or as expressive as the unfettered imagination could make them. Or if you move two centuries down the time-scale and consider, for instance, Lorenzetti's poignant 'Descent from the Cross' from the Church of St. Francis at Assisi, you will see how Christianity is still fighting a battle with the growing Italian consciousness of the material world. As far as the artist was concerned it was a losing battle. Lorenzetti is trying hard to realise the limbs beneath the draperies, but he is not yet aware that the body has its own beauty. As for the beauty of the world, it has not yet occurred to him to notice it. The 'Descent from the Cross' takes place in a blue-black void. How different is his way of looking from that of Giovanni Bellini, who cannot paint a Madonna without seeing her in his mind's eye sitting in a lovely stretch of the countryside north of Venice. Villages, cows, birds, blue sky and white clouds are an essential part of life, and therefore an essential part of his picture. At last 'terrestrial beauty' has asserted itself. The world is a good place to live in.

Medieval and Modern Art

What happened to art when Christianity became the driving force has happened again in our own century but for very different reasons. We can test the work of any artist between Giotto and Cézanne by asking: 'What was he looking for?' But the question is not worth asking about Medieval art. And it is not worth asking about a good deal of modern art. The men who carved the twelfth-century Romanesque saints and prophets were hardly looking at all. The same is true in our own day of painters like Ben Nicholson, Hartung, or Soutine. Nicholson has no interest in villages, blue skies, and clouds. He is entirely absorbed by a kind of visual mathematics. Hartung is less mathematical, but what he is after is a kind of inner explosiveness, a dynamism, not unlike that of the Middle Ages. Soutine, certainly, refers to trees and houses—not because he loves them, not because the world is a good place to live in, but because he can use them as symbols of his own uneasy, tortured spirit. He and many of those contemporary painters who are *looking* are including visual truth as a mere relic of a past age, just as Michelangelo included line in his style because he had not yet learned how to get rid of it.

Yet the modern artist, having dispensed with that passionate visual curiosity that lasted from Giotto to Cézanne, is certainly passionate about something: and his vision is manifestly both urgent and definite.

Not Christian spirituality, not visual curiosity, but something just as potent creates, for him, a style that future historians will recognise and describe and account for as the twentieth-century style. Period vision is as insistent today as it ever has been. To us, who belong to the age that produced it, it is not very easy to analyse or even to describe, for to us it seems so bewilderingly varied as to have no common factor.

Consider Mondrian in his last, post 1920, phase, in which he is pushing mathematical puritanism to its extreme, and Picasso in his cubist period of 1910. Temperamentally, no two artists could be more different. Yet both have done the same thing: both have rejected humanism—Mondrian willingly, because mathematics seemed to him the artist's ultimate goal; Picasso, unwillingly but inevitably. As a genuine Romantic he could not reject the human figure altogether, but as a good cubist, caught up in the spirit of the early twentieth century, he had to reduce the human figure to a series of crystalline planes. Mondrian throws humanity overboard: Picasso turns humanity into an unusually complicated crystal. There, surely, is the common factor, the basis of the twentieth-century style, the rejection of the accidental, the anecdotal, the human. Picasso's innate romanticism could not swim for long against the puritanism of his time. Ten years later, humanity has reasserted itself in his art and for those ten years from 1910 to 1920 he swam with the current of period vision, but unwillingly. Mondrian swam willingly right up to his death in 1944.

A Logical Sequence

I want now to go back to the question we left hanging in mid-air a few moments ago: If we confine our attention for the moment to what I have called the cycle of 'terrestrial beauty', which began about 1320 and lasted till about 1906—just under six centuries—can we discover a logical sequence in the kinds of visual truth that were embodied in one after another of the styles that came to the surface, matured, flourished, and were superseded during that cycle? Each of them merged gradually into the next. There are no hard-and-fast divisions between them. Some of them have names like 'Renaissance', 'High Renaissance', 'Mannerist', 'Baroque', and so on, which will need defining even though it is impossible to decide on the precise moment when one ends and the next begins; and even though the sequence does seem to indulge in some rather surprising hairpin bends when the orderly progression turns back on itself instead of marching straight forward, yet a sequence can be found.

It is natural, surely, that the eye's search should start with bounding lines, edges. It is they that establish the divisions between the objects the artist is trying to depict and describe also the character of those objects. The artist wishes to establish at the very beginning a clear map of shapes; he insists on erecting a scaffolding before starting to build. We start our sequence of period styles with a linear style. Once that has been done, development is inevitable. Not a development in the direction of genius, but an addition to the possibilities of vision: not greater expressiveness, but greater complexity. Soon the artist begins, as we have seen in the case of Michelangelo, to examine what lies within the boundary lines. Structure, volume, and weight are added to shape and therefore supersede shape. But that is not enough. Volume leads inevitably to space. Line merely defines edges, which can equally be the edges of flat surfaces or solids, but volume *requires* space. It occupies it. Therefore the artist's eye has to envisage the world's surface as something receding from his eye. He concentrates his attention on that recession. Distances begin to appear. The laws of perspective have to be formulated. The old cardboard Madonna and Child becomes not only a creature of weight and solidity but she takes her place in a world made of space. And at that moment it dawns on the artist that even if she were removed, the space he has created for her and round her would remain. At once the art of landscape painting becomes possible. The figures grow smaller; their environment becomes more important until a moment arrives—and it does not arrive until the seventeenth century—when man can shrink to a mere item of foreground furniture and leave nature in undisputed charge of the picture.

Simultaneously with the discovery of space, another discovery has been taking place—the discovery of light: not the discovery that light exists, for without it the world would be invisible, but the discovery that light has its own drama, its own expressiveness. Where the early sixteenth century was content with an even illumination whose duty was to reveal everything on which it fell with an impartial clarity, the late sixteenth century found that it could be used either to reveal or to conceal. Consider, for example, Raphael's 'Parnassus'. There Raphael, at the height of his powers, has never even considered that light could

do more than spread an evenly distributed illumination over every square foot of his picture. Light has to come from somewhere and Raphael decides to let it fall gently from left to right; but it would have made no essential difference to the effect if he had reversed its direction. It would still have explained the structure of his figures and the clothes they wear. In almost any painting by Caravaggio light is far more important than structure. Reverse the direction of the light or reduce its intensity and the picture becomes unrecognisable. Caravaggio's art, which carried this manipulation of light further than that of any artist before him, gave birth to a new technical term—Tenebrism—the kind of painting whose very meaning depends on light emerging from darkness. In tenebrist painting, light and shade no longer exist for the sake of explaining the modelling or announcing the structure. The part they play becomes dramatic. They take charge of the picture, swallowing up and obliterating those beautifully modulated lines that earlier artists did not know how to get rid of.

Rembrandt's Use of Light

Rembrandt's 'Adoration of the Shepherds', which you will find in the National Gallery, carries the process much further than Caravaggio. In that extraordinary picture there are three sources of light: one, behind the kneeling shepherd, that throws a positively blinding light on the Virgin and the Child, blinding in the sense that it eats away all the detail; another, the lantern in the hand of the standing shepherd, splashing its light in disconnected patches on the floor of the barn; a third mysteriously concealed in the recesses on the right. Clarity has now been replaced by mystery: and that same mystery with which Rembrandt replaced the clarity of Raphael, appears also in another form—a mystery of design. The earlier High Renaissance picture, of which Raphael's 'Parnassus' is an almost perfect example, designed with an eye to perfect stability and often mathematically arranged on either side of a centre line, loses its old symmetry. Mathematics is still there but a mathematics that needs a more searching, a more sophisticated eye to understand it. In Rembrandt's picture the main masses move off-centre, the lights play fitfully across the surface, the whole picture seems to be in movement: uncertain dynamic diagonals take the place of the old stable verticals and horizontals.

What I have been describing as the mystery and movement of which Rembrandt was the greatest master is characteristic of all Baroque art. In, for instance, Rubens' 'Rape of Proserpina' there is no classic dignity, no centre line, no careful balance, no golden clarity: instead, a breathtaking tumult in which all the forms intermingle and combine to produce a grand sequence of toppling diagonals, wave after breaking wave of them. Rubens is the climax of the romantic, Baroque style, just as Raphael is the climax of the High Renaissance Classic. And, just as in the twentieth century one can contrast Mondrian the temperamental Classic swimming with the stream with the Romantic Picasso swimming against it, so one can see the exact reverse happening in the seventeenth century. Poussin's 'Bacchanalian Dance' (also in the National Gallery) tries to produce exactly the same kind of passionate dynamism as Rubens' 'Rape of Proserpina'—and fails. For Poussin is by temperament a classical artist: he should have been born a century earlier, but because he lived in the Baroque age, he was forced to attempt a Baroque picture. How stiff, how manufactured, is its exuberance compared with that of Rubens! And how lacking in mystery as compared with Rembrandt! One could say that Poussin was the Mondrian of the seventeenth century and that Rubens was its Picasso.

The Impressionists

Lastly, one more extract from the totality of visual truth, an extract not made until the late nineteenth century—the Impressionist extract. What Impressionism discovered is not easy to explain. Reduced to its simplest terms, the Impressionist theory would run as follows: 'Previous artists have devoted their attention to the nature of the objects they painted. We Impressionists propose to concentrate on the appearance of those objects. And since that appearance changes—especially when we paint landscape, which we mainly propose to do—with every moment of the day, every shift in the direction and intensity of light, every variation in the density of the envelope of air that surrounds and encloses the objects we paint, our real aim is to paint the transitory, our Impression of the thing seen suddenly and then snatched away from our eyes. Ours is the art of the snapshot: not the immemorial façade of the cathedral but its effect on the retina of the eye at a given moment on a given day. And in particular the vibrating colour of light and

shadow; not the murky shadows of Rembrandt but the vivid purple shadows and dancing yellow lights that the normal eye could see if it hadn't been blinded by the gloomy tenebrist shadows of Caravaggio', Monet's paintings of Rouen Cathedral are brilliant examples of the Impressionist eye at work.

Here was a new bit of truth, and we all know how sudden was the illumination spread by it. Those pictures of the 'eighties by Pissarro, Monet, and Renoir took us into a radiant rainbow world which they—the artists—valued because it was true, but which we—the spectators—value because it is beautiful. That thought brings us back to the starting point. Style is the expression, in paint, of vision: vision is the mind's-eye expression of the artist. In order to be valid, therefore, the picture must be the precise equivalent, in visible terms, of the artist's inner life. It cannot for a moment afford to be contrived, manufactured; the picture is not an attempt to produce something beautiful or pleasing. It can only justify its existence if it communicates a message. And the message is always: 'This, my picture, is as far as I can make it a true account of what happened inside me'.

What can happen inside the artist is, as we have seen, infinitely variable. It may be a set of spiritual beliefs and aspirations as it was in the Medieval period, in which case the artist need not very seriously cultivate his capacity for looking. Or it may be a set of visual discoveries, in which case he must be consumed by visual curiosity. But in either case he stands or falls by his capacity to tell the truth about his personal experience—spiritual or visual. Yet what we recognise when we look at his picture is not, oddly enough, its truth but what we loosely call its beauty. That may be what Keats meant when he equated the two in those well-known lines:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

They are lines which I have never been able to take quite seriously. With Keats' permission I prefer to say that as far as painting is concerned, truth is what the artist tries to convey, but beauty is what the spectator actually receives if he has the equipment to receive it. Moreover, with apologies to Keats, that is by no means all we need to know. Truth appears in such curious forms, especially when it wears the cloak of style, that we do not always recognise it when we see it.

—Home Service

An illustrated pamphlet, price 2s. 6d., published by the B.B.C. in connection with Mr. Newton's talks, may be obtained through newsagents and booksellers or post free from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1. The envelope should be marked 'Style and Vision' in the top left-hand corner, and a crossed postal order should be enclosed, not stamps.

* * *

A small number of copies of nine of the B.B.C. National Lectures published before the war are still available: *Law, Ethics and Legislation*, by Lord Hewart of Bury; *Biology and Statecraft*, by Sir Walter Morley Fletcher; *The League of Nations*, by the Hon. Sir Eric Drummond; *Faith and Freedom*, by William Temple; *Law and the Citizen*, by the Rt. Hon. Lord Macmillan of Aberfeldy; *The Confessions of an Engineer*, by Sir Alexander Gibb; *The Perennial Shakespeare*, by H. Granville-Barker; *Relation of Morals to Scientific Progress*, by L. P. Jacks; and *Architecture in a Changing World*, by H. S. Goodhart-Rendel. They may be obtained from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, price 1s. each, post free.

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Ulster Since 1800 (second series), edited by T. W. Moody and J. C. Beckett, is a booklet consisting of reprints of twenty-two talks broadcast in the Northern Ireland Home Service on the subject of social life in Ulster. It has been published by the B.B.C., price 6s.

* * *

Mr. Henry Reed's translations of *Three Plays by Ugo Betti* ('The Queen and the Rebels', 'The Burnt Flowerbed' and 'Summertime') which were originally commissioned by the Third Programme of the B.B.C. are now published in one volume (Gollancz, 10s.).

* * *

In *Soviet Youth* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 28s.), Mrs. Dorothea L. Meek has translated articles and short stories which have appeared in the Soviet press between 1950 and 1956 dealing with the problems and achievements of the post-war generation in the U.S.S.R. The excerpts are well selected and plentifully annotated and are accompanied by a general introduction and shorter introductions to each section.

Sense and Sensibility in School Building

By WILLIAM TATTON BROWN

IN almost every aspect of American life I noticed that the ends are the same as ours but the rules or conventions entirely different. This holds good for everything from football to the rule of the road, from eating habits to the stripes on a sergeant's uniform. It certainly holds good in the educational system. American children start school at six instead of five, but the majority stay on until they are seventeen or eighteen. About one fifth of them go to the universities or state colleges, nearly twice as many as in this country. Like us they have a formidable school building problem; it is estimated that between 70,000 and 80,000 new classrooms will be required every year. But whereas in Britain 146 education authorities operate under the overall direction of the Ministry of Education, America has some 85,000 school districts striving to build without any direct assistance or control from the Federal Government. School building is therefore very much a local issue and there is a wide variety of standards.

A Relative Inferiority

This fundamental difference between the U.S.A. and ourselves accounts for the relative inferiority of most American schools. For it is fair to say that, generally speaking, their school boards do not get as good value for money or over-all efficiency in the buildings they put up. I do not wish to imply any lack of skill in their architects. The basic trouble is that the administrative unit commissioning the schools is too small. Sometimes there is real enthusiasm and outstanding achievement but often the results are a reflection of the views of the majority who have asked for—and got—education on the cheap.

However, I am not going to discuss American failures; and there is no need to. For in spite of lower general standards there are one or two experiments of the greatest interest and value. I saw, for example, the famous Crowe Island school designed nearly twenty years ago by the Saarinens in association with Perkins and Will. This was a pioneer project for a junior school which has played an immense part in the development of school design both in America and over here. The classrooms, for instance, are real activity spaces. Each one has its own small studio annexe with its own lavatory and cloakroom facilities and a door directly to the garden outside. The assembly hall and public rooms are low in height and appropriately designed to the scale of small children. Downstairs, in a semi-basement are woodwork and metalwork shops, and a log cabin set up with all the paraphernalia of a frontier town in the old settler's days so that the children can re-enact the most vital period of their history.

The Crowe Island school and its successors are a complete vindication of the ideas of Froebel and Montessori in the field of primary education. In order to appreciate how deeply this philosophy has permeated our buildings in Britain one has only to cast one's mind back to the sort of schools that you and I were educated in and compare them with the primary schools being built today. Almost all the ideas which inspired our teachers and their architects are now thought to be not only wrong but positively foreign to the true purposes of education. In our old buildings, for instance, the windows used to be so high that you could not see out of them; now they are two feet from floor level to afford a view of the outside world. Before, they used to face north to allow an even light on the classroom floor; now they face south to get the sun. Our corridor and classroom walls were painted chocolate and green, an affront in their ugliness and a provocation in their indestructible finish. The corridors in the new classrooms are painted in gay colours and the walls are decorated with the children's own drawings.

The furniture in the old schools was screwed to the floor, or was so heavy that this was an unnecessary precaution. In the new schools it is light enough to be moved by a child of five and stacked out of the way. The lavatories in the old school were ranged in batteries at the far end of the playground; they are now dispersed in twos and threes within the building so as to be accessible from every classroom. The old school was designed on monumental lines to impress the parent and overawe the child. The new one is disarmingly unassuming in its friendly informality. The fact is that our ideas about primary education

have completely changed. Children are no longer thought of as a series of empty cups which have to be filled by the teacher from the jug of learning but as a number of individual plants for which one has to find the right soil and climate in which they can develop and flourish.

But so far, no parallel change has taken place in secondary education. This is partly due to the novelty of the scale of the problem. It is only in the last ten years that we have had all children staying on at school over the age of fourteen. Secondary schools take three times as long to build as primary schools, and it takes time to try out and assess the value of new ideas. Most teachers, too, are conservative in their ideas about buildings. They cannot get out of their minds the picture of the sort of classroom in which they were brought up, which may have served well enough for teaching the academic subjects on which their education was based. The ancient grammar school worked admirably as a machine for training clerks for the Church, and the modern grammar school supplies their present-day counterparts well enough. But we do not want the whole population trained as clerks—and yet that is what some secondary modern schools are trying to do. The real purpose of the secondary modern school ought to be something much bigger. Edward Blishen in a recent broadcast spoke of the need to work out 'a genuine, more than elementary, education for the ordinary child, of a kind that will give that child satisfaction and a sense of dignity, that will close no doors, that will enable us at last to say that we have matched our democratic philosophy of the state with a truly democratic education'.* Many educationists are much concerned with this problem, and I believe that the American approach, and some of their solutions, are for us stimulating and worth while. A great deal less importance is placed in America on scholastic qualifications and rather more on social attainments and the ability of the child to acquire basic skills while at the same time trying to compensate for any deficiencies, emotional, cultural, or dietetic, in his home life.

All this was explained to me by Bill Caudill, a Texan architect. He has built a large number of schools in the South and the practice is so extensive that the firm has two office aeroplanes which the architects pilot themselves. He fetched me at six o'clock one morning; we were airborne at dawn and breakfasting 180 miles away, where we were met in a car by the Superintendent of Schools and shown three of the latest jobs; and then back in the office by midday. In the air, Caudill talked to me about the psychological difficulties in the way of designing good new secondary schools. 'People like little kids', he said, 'but they don't care so much for teen-agers and bobby-socks and so they are slow to solve their problems'. By and large, he explained, people are reluctant to admit that adolescents may also have their own special requirements which may differ fundamentally from those of adults. This prejudice, by the way, is by no means confined to the new world. I know a Frenchman with a large family of which he is very fond, but when he speaks of those between the ages of twelve and fifteen he never fails to add 'But 'e is a 'orrible child'.

'Activity Concept' for the Secondary School

The first point that Bill Caudill makes is that there should be no fundamental difference between a primary and a secondary school. The 'activity concept'—the idea of learning by doing instead of sitting—should be extended to the secondary school. The activity may be some group project involving the collection of material from a number of sources. It may be an exercise in 'creative dramatics' in which the children make up their own plays and design their own scenery, dramatising a history or scripture lesson. It may be a formal discussion on some topical subject. But whatever it is, it will probably require some rearrangement of furniture and fittings and even the shape of the room itself, and sometimes the amalgamation of several classrooms or the provision of small separate studies where children can work on their own. Educators are using the expression 'teaching situation' to imply a set of ideal conditions with its own special equipment in the form of visual aids and so on, which is not necessarily and inevitably bounded by the four walls of a classroom.

* 'The Task of the Secondary Modern School': THE LISTENER, February 21

Bill Caudill's solution is interesting. He took me to the Bryan Junior High School where the first floor is basically one big rectangular space about 180 feet long with windows on either side. It is divided into a number of bays by a series of movable screens. The screens go up to the ceiling and can be used as blackboards or pin-up boards, but there are no doors on the corridor side. You can pass freely from one bay to another, the only separation being a low line of book-shelves. The ceiling is highly absorbent so that the noise level is not unduly high, and though you could hear a man talking in an adjacent bay, a woman's voice was almost inaudible.

This may sound improbable to English ears, but it is merely an adaptation of current American office practice. A modern office block over there does not consist of a series of isolated rooms on either side of a central corridor, as in this country, but is simply one big acoustically treated space, well lit by fluorescent lighting and equipped with telephone and power points in the floor. Chairs and desks are arranged to suit the changing needs of the organisation, with low cupboards or filing cabinets about four feet six in height as the only separation between them. The general noise level inside the building and out in the street is such that one is not disturbed by what is going on at the next desk, and the spaciousness, good lighting, and comfort of working in such excellent conditions appears to make up for any lack of privacy.

The influence of the office can be seen in the work of another school architect, John Lyon Reid, who has made free use of standard metal office partitioning, familiar to us in this country, to divide up the teaching block in his high school at Hillsdale in California. There are 1,750 pupils in this school and all the teaching accommodation is grouped under one big roof whose total area is over two acres. The roof space is hollow and is equipped with air-conditioning and water and electric services which can be tapped at any point. It is pierced by a uniform pattern of roof lights so that the partitions can be arranged to form classrooms wherever required. Some of these will have no outside wall and therefore no view: but this is not necessarily a disadvantage for certain activities, for a music practice room, for instance, or a round-table discussion room, places in which children will remain only for a short period at a time. The whole design was handled with great skill and elegance, and the extreme simplicity of the structure with all its repetitive operations and industrial finishes meant that the building was not unduly expensive. The headmaster has the immense advantage of being able to arrange and rearrange his teaching spaces to suit the changing needs of children's curricula and staff.

So far I have discussed the preoccupation of educationists and architects with what I might call the need for generalised space. It is obvious that certain more specific areas must be provided, such as for the teaching of science. But science in the secondary modern type of school bears little relation to the sixth form physics or chemistry of the grammar school and requires an entirely different set-up. Great stress over there is laid on experimentation and taking things to bits, the



The 'umbrella' school at Libertyville, Texas (architects, Caudill, Rowlett and Scott), where the assembly hall is just a gap between two 'laboratories for learning'

fostering of their remarkable pioneer, practical and material inventiveness. To cater for this need Caudill has designed a 'laboratory for learning'. It is quite different from the static, formal arrangement of the old science laboratory with its island benches lined up in front of the master's demonstration bench—which was an adaptation of the old fixed furniture classroom. Caudill's laboratory is on two levels. In the centre is a sunken well, in the middle of which the master can give demonstrations, surrounded informally by a group of children seated on stools or at chairs and tables. Other children can watch what is going on from the higher level some two feet above the well, or work in groups in the workshop bays which surround the room. Each bay has its own sink and services and is large enough to hold permanent exhibits such as wireless sets or motor car parts which can be taken to pieces and reassembled over long periods.

It is inevitable that these sort of educational ideas should lead to a new kind of school building. The 'umbrella' school at Libertyville, Texas, by Bill Caudill consists basically of a large series of factory roofs, asbestos cement sheeting, supported by steel beams and free standing columns. Underneath this umbrella, entirely divorced from the structure, are the various laboratories for learning and administration rooms; a series of boxes each with its own top lighting corresponding with the top lights in the umbrella above. The assembly hall is just a space between two boxes—open at both ends. In a colder climate it would have had to be screened in with a curtain wall, but apart from that modification the idea would be wholly practicable in this country.

I do not want to give the idea that schools are being thought of as factories for the mass production of robot workers. A great deal of attention is also paid to the social and emotional needs of adolescents. Charles Colbert, who has built some distinguished schools in New Orleans, has designed an 'oasis' school in which the school has turned its back on the outside world. It consists basically of a number of large interior courts on to which the classrooms face. Each court is differently designed with trees, lawns, or water as the dominant motif and there are pleasant places to sit and talk in the sun or in the cool of a covered way. Outside, away from these quiet precincts, are the playgrounds, or 'black top' as they are called, which surround the building, using the blank walls of the school as buttresses for fives' courts or baseball practice.

All these architectural conceptions are as tentative and experimental as the educational ideas which they reflect. But they may well be nearer the mark than some of the schools we are building today. How many of these are just old schools with modernistic loose-covers draped over them? How many are obsolete before they are completed?

In this country we are not in any sense crippled by our much greater uniformity and adherence to centrally specified standards. We do not experiment as radically as the Americans, and this is the price we pay for having a much higher general standard of school building. But we do move. Since the war, for example, we have become happily free from a great many burdensome and expensive



Project for the 'oasis' school (architects, Colbert and Lowrey), where the classrooms look into various courts, each equipped for a particular 'teaching situation', and the 'black top' or playground surrounds the building

building restrictions. The old Board of Education laid down a minimum thickness of wall of eighteen inches, a minimum height of classroom of fourteen feet, and six complete air changes per hour, bearing in mind the unpredictable performance of steam heating and the doubtful standard of cleanliness of the pupils. Today improved techniques and changed conditions have enabled us to design much better schools with about half these so-called 'minimum' standards. I want to stress, after my American visit, that we should watch for further advances in other fields, particularly in planning, and be ready to apply novel solutions even if sometimes they are out of line with our cherished conventions. In our schools of the future we may expect some of the American features I have mentioned: larger enclosed spaces with less outside wall: a greater use of fluorescent lighting to top up natural lighting, and an acceptance of a rather higher noise level which, with appropriate acoustic ceilings, will mean a much freer use of space for

activity subjects. Also a greater variety of finish, more rugged in the workshops with exposed steelwork and factory floors, and much finer in the quiet teaching areas, with good quality woods, rare fabrics, and here and there perhaps an original painting or piece of sculpture—more, not less, of the so-called 'frills' that distinguish a seat of learning from an army camp.

Just as the new primary school has got right away from the old board school building, so I believe the new secondary school will lose what Edward Blishen calls its 'clerkish atmosphere, once typical of schools of all kinds'. It will borrow from the patterns of the office, the workshop, the restaurant, the theatre, the club house and the stadium and become a world in miniature, a real preparation for adult life. In all this I believe we should not ignore what is happening in the States, for though the rules and conventions may be different, the aim is fundamentally the same.—*Third Programme*

Balance and Barrier—I

When Nature Explodes

The first of three talks by CHARLES ELTON on the principles of ecology

NOWADAYS we live in an explosive world, and while we may not know where or when the next outburst will be, we might hope to find ways of stopping it or at any rate damping down its force. I do not mean only nuclear bombs and wars, though these rank high on the list at the moment: there are other sorts of explosions; and the kind I am going to discuss are ecological explosions. An ecological explosion is the enormous increase in numbers of some kind of living organism—it may be an infectious virus like influenza, or a bacterium like bubonic plague, or a fungus like the potato disease, a green plant like the prickly pear, or an animal like the grey squirrel. I use the word 'explosion' deliberately, to mean the bursting out from control of forces that were previously held in restraint by other forces. Ecological explosions differ from some of the rest by not making a loud noise, and in taking longer to happen. That is to say they may develop slowly, and they may die down slowly; but they can be impressive in their effects, and many people have been ruined by them, or died, or forced to emigrate. At the end of the first world war influenza rolled right round the world, not sparing even the Eskimos, and it is reputed to have killed 100,000,000 human beings. Bubonic plague is still pursuing its great modern pandemic that started in the back of China at the end of last century and now smoulders among hundreds of species of rodents in eastern Asia, south-east Russia, Africa, North and South America. It was potato fungus that partly emptied Ireland 100 years ago. Most people know, or feel they know, about the American grey squirrel in this country. Though these are silent explosions in themselves, they often make a loud noise in the press, and one may come across banner headlines, such as 'Malaria Epidemic Hits Brazil', 'Forest Damage on Cannock Chase', or 'Rabbit Disease in Kent'. Rabbit disease, myxomatosis—that is a really big ecological explosion: its results will be felt for years.

But it is not headlines or a more efficient news service that make these events commoner in our lives than they were last century. They are really happening much more commonly; indeed, they are so frequent nowadays in every continent and island and even in the oceans that we need to understand what is causing them and try to arrive at some general viewpoint about the whole business. Why

should a comfortably placed virus living in South American cottontail rabbits suddenly wipe out a great part of the rabbits in western Europe? Why do we have to worry about Colorado potato beetles now, more than 300 years after the introduction of the potato itself? Why should the pine looper moth break out two years ago in Staffordshire plantations? It has been doing this on the Continent for over 150 years; it is not a new introduction to this country.

The examples I have given point to two rather different kinds of outbreaks: those that occur because a fresh species successfully invades a country from abroad; and those that happen in native or long-established populations. I shall consider here the first kind—the invaders. At this point you may be inclined to say: 'This is just pest control you are talking about. That is a technical job for scientists to cope with'. To which I would reply with some warmth: 'That is not the main point, although I have used some examples that strike a practical note and have caught the public eye. The real thing is that we are now living in a period of the world's history when the mingling of thousands of kinds of organisms from different parts of the world is setting up terrific dislocations in nature'. In fact, we are seeing gigantic changes in the natural population balance of the world. Of course, pest control is very important, because we have to preserve our living resources and protect ourselves from diseases; but I want to try to put the whole matter on a much broader canvas than that. I like the words of Dr. Johnson: 'Whatever makes the past, the distant or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings'.

It will help to focus the subject if I describe three case histories of species which, brought from one country, exploded into another. About

1929 a few African mosquitoes accidentally reached the north-east corner of Brazil, probably carried from Dakar on a fast French destroyer. They managed to get ashore to form a small colony in a marsh near the coast—the Mosquito Fathers, as it were. At first not much attention was paid to them, though there was a sharp outbreak of malaria in the local town, in which practically every person was infected. For the next few years the insects spread rather quietly along the coast until, at a spot about 200 miles farther



The black lines enclose areas infected by the Colorado potato beetle (the dotted lines indicating where the exact boundary is uncertain), which has reached Europe from North America but has so far not penetrated to other continents

By courtesy of the Commonwealth Institute of Entomology

on, malaria blazed up and continued in 1938 and 1939, by which time the mosquitoes were found to have moved a further 200 miles inland up a valley. It was one of the worst epidemics Brazil had ever known, hundreds of thousands of people were ill, some 20,000 are believed to have died, and the life of the countryside was partly paralysed. The biological reasons for this disaster were horribly simple: there had always been malaria-carrying mosquitoes in the country, but none that regularly flew into houses, like the African species, or could so successfully breed in open sunny pools outside the forest shade. Fortunately both these habits made control possible, and the Rockefeller Foundation combined with the Brazilian Government to wage a really astounding campaign, thorough and drastic, using a staff of 35,000 people who sprayed all the breeding sites and the houses. This prodigious enterprise succeeded, at a cost of over \$2,000,000, in completely exterminating *Anopheles gambiae* in Brazil within three years.

Here you can see three chief elements that recur in this sort of situation. First, there is the historical one: this species of mosquito was confined to tropical Africa but got carried to South America by man. Secondly, the ecological features: its method of breeding and choice of place to rest and to feed on man. It is certain that the campaign could never have succeeded without the ecological knowledge that lay behind the intense surveys, inspection, and control. The third thing is the practical consequences I have described. One further consequence was that quarantine inspection of aircraft was started, and on one of these they discovered and killed a live tsetse fly, the African carrier of sleeping sickness, and at the present day not found living outside Africa.

Here is a second example, this time of a plant disease. At the beginning of this century sweet chestnut trees in the eastern United States began to be infected by a killing disease caused by a fungus. It came to be known as the chestnut blight. It was brought from Asia on nursery plants. In 1913 the parasitic fungus was found on its natural host in Asia, where it does not harm the trees. But the American chestnut is so susceptible it has almost died out over most of its eastern range. So far, the only answer to the invasion has been to introduce Chinese chestnuts—immune because they had evolved into some sort of natural balance with the parasite.

The third example is a plant that has changed part of our landscape. It is the tall, strong-growing cord-grass that has colonised many parts of our estuarine mud-flats. It is a natural hybrid between a native English species and an introduced American species, and is much more vigorous than our own grass, while it has practically driven out its American ancestor here. This grass deserves to belong to the Club of Queer Trades, since it has virtually created a new job for itself, occupying previously bare, sticky mud between tide-marks. The practical results, in the formation of new land, often turning to salt-marsh grazing, and other effects upon the consolidation or otherwise of the coast have been studied by ecologists for some years.

In this historical picture you can easily see what man has done in deliberate and accidental introductions, especially across the oceans. In the eighteenth century there were few ocean-going vessels of more than 300 tons. Today there are thousands. Some idea of what this can mean for the spread of animals can be got from an incidental ecological survey done by the late Dr. Myers, a noted tropical entomologist, while travelling on a rice ship from Rangoon to Manila in 1933. He amused himself by making a list of every animal on board, from cockroaches and fleas to pet animals. Altogether he found forty-one species of these travellers, mostly insects. And when he unpacked his clothes in the hotel in Manila, he saw some beetles walk out of them. They were a well-known pest of stored grains and flour.

A hundred years of faster and bigger transport has kept up and intensified this bombardment of every country by foreign species, brought accidentally or on purpose, by boat and by air, and also overland from places that used to be isolated. And we have been breaking the barriers in other ways. It is only a few years since the sea lamprey (whose young grow up in freshwater streams) travelled through the Welland Ship Canal and managed to colonise the inner Great Lakes of Canada. It practically destroyed the lake trout populations there,

which were a valuable fishery, and it has since made its way over into the Mississippi River system as well. You take away a single barrier, and the species spreads, often rapidly. For instance, the Chinese mitten crab: this is a big, freshwater river crab that breeds in estuaries in eastern Asia. It managed to reach Europe by boat, and has now colonised many of the rivers of western Europe, even arriving, like Karel Capek's newts, as far as Prague. So far we have not got it; perhaps our rivers are too dirty.

This world-wide process, gathering momentum every year, is gradually breaking down the sort of distributions species had even 100 years ago. To see the full significance of what is happening one needs to look back much further still, in fact many million years by the geological time-record. It was Alfred Russell Wallace who drew general public attention to the existence of great faunal realms in different parts of the world, corresponding in the main to the continents. These came to be known as Wallace's Realms, regions left isolated for such long periods that they had kept or evolved special groups of animals. When one was a child, this circumstance was very simply summed up in books about animals. The tiger lives in India. The

wallaby lives in Australia. The hippopotamus lives in Africa. One might have learned that the coypu or nutria lives in South America. A very advanced book might have speculated that this large water rodent was evolved inside South America, which we now know to be so. But nowadays, it would have to add a footnote to later editions, saying that the coypu is also doing quite well in the State of Washington, U.S.A., in south-east Russia, in France, and in the Norfolk Broads. In the Broads it carries a special kind of fur parasite that also evolved in South America.

In very early times, say 100,000,000 years ago in the Cretaceous Period, the world's fauna was much more truly cosmopolitan, not so much separated off by oceans, deserts, and mountains. If there had been a Cretaceous child living at the time the chalk was deposited in the warm shallow seas at



The coypu or nutria which evolved in South America and is now found also in parts of the United States, Russia, France, and England

Marlborough, he would have read in his book, or slate perhaps: 'Large carnivorous dinosaurs occur all over the world except in New Zealand: keep out of their way'. Or that water monsters occurred in more than one loch throughout the world. In fact, zoogeographically, it would have been rather a dull book, though the illustrations and accounts of the habits of animals would have been extremely interesting. There would then have been much less use for zoos: you just went out, with suitable precautions, and did dinosaur-watching wherever you were, and made punch-card records of their egg clutch-sizes. But the significance of these dinosaurs for our serious historical evidence is that you could not then get an animal the size of a lorry from one continent to another except by land; therefore the continents must have been joined together, at any rate fairly frequently, as geological time is counted.

This early period of more or less cosmopolitan land and freshwater life was about three times longer than that between the Cretaceous Period and the present day. It was in the later period that Wallace's Realms were formed, because the sea and, later on, great obstructions like the Himalaya and the central Asian deserts made impassable barriers to so many species. In fact the world had not one, but five or six great faunas, besides innumerable smaller ones evolved on isolated islands like Hawaii or New Zealand or New Caledonia, or in enormous remote lakes like Lake Baikal or Tanganyika. Man was not the first influence to start breaking down this world pattern. A good deal of re-mixing has taken place in the few million years before the Ice Age and since then: one thinks of the emergence of the Panama Isthmus from the sea, and the passage at one time across Behring Strait. But we are stepping up the whole business, and feeling the consequences.

Make no mistake, we are seeing one of the great historical convulsions in the world's fauna and flora. We might say, with Professor Challenger, standing on Conan Doyle's 'Lost World', with his black beard jutting out: 'We have been privileged to be present at one of the typical decisive battles of history—the battles that have determined the fate of the world'. But how will it be decisive? That is a question ecologists ought to try to answer before the millennium.—Third Programme

NEWS DIARY

March 20-26

Wednesday, March 20

National Union of Railwaymen rejects three per cent. wage increase awarded by the Railway Staff National Tribunal. Chairman of Transport Commission arranges to meet union leaders

British Government accepts in principle an offer by the Secretary-General of Nato to act as conciliator on the Cyprus question

Union leaders criticise employment of Admiralty tugs to tow the *Queen Mary* from her berth

Thursday, March 21

President Eisenhower and the Prime Minister discuss the Middle East during the opening talks of the Bermuda conference

The British Medical Association announces its plan for withdrawing doctors from the National Health Service if agreement is not reached on their pay claim

U.N. Secretary General sees Egyptian leaders in Cairo

Friday, March 22

Shipyard employers and unions arrive at a basis for negotiations on wage claims but the strike is not called off. The pay claim by the National Union of Railwaymen is settled

The United States Government announces that it is willing to join the military committee of the Baghdad Pact

Saturday, March 23

A 'snowball' strike begins in the engineering industry

Mr. Bulganin offers to open trade talks with the German Federal Republic

Sunday, March 24

A joint *communiqué* is published about the results of the Anglo-American conference in Bermuda

Greek Government rejects proposal by Nato to use the offices of its Secretary-General to act as conciliator on the Cyprus question

Monday, March 25

Minister of Labour decides to appoint a Court of Inquiry into shipyard dispute

Suez Canal is opened to ships of 10,000 tons

Canadian Prime Minister arrives in Bermuda to meet Mr. Macmillan

Tuesday, March 26

Minister of Labour makes statement in Commons about negotiations in engineering and shipbuilding disputes

British shipowners are advised by Government not to send their vessels through the Suez Canal at present

Death of M. Edouard Herriot, the French statesman



President Eisenhower and Mr. Harold Macmillan conferring at Bermuda last week. Commenting on the talks, which ended last Saturday, the Prime Minister said that they had been 'a great success'



Sir Patrick Abercrombie, the architect and town-planner, who died on March 23, aged seventy-seven. The greatest of his projects was the County of London plan (published in 1943) which he produced in collaboration with the L.C.C.'s architect Mr. J. H. Forshaw. He drew up schemes for the rebuilding of Edinburgh, Plymouth, Hull, and other places both at home and overseas. He also took an active interest in the preservation of rural England



Soldiers of the United Nations using donkeys to carry equipment to positions on the demarcation line



The fair 'Petrushka' Ballet Company performing in the Queen's Garden on the Blackheath (Fonteyn) at the first time



African workers taking a short cut across a field on their way to work in Johannesburg. For many weeks Africans have been boycotting the 'Non-Europeans only' buses rather than pay a penny increase on fares. The buses were subsequently withdrawn



Force, using camels and last week to take up Israel and the Gaza Strip



The Queen talking to students of Reading University after Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, had officially opened the Faculty of Letters building on March 22. The new building is situated in 300 acres of wooded parkland



Left: a mailbag being emptied on to the hopper of an electronic letter and packet segregator at Southampton head post office during a demonstration last week. This and similar new automatic devices are being installed for trials at ten postal centres throughout the country



A model of a sledge camp of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey in an exhibition, 'Antarctic Survey', at the Imperial Institute, London. In addition to showing the work of the F.I.D.S., the exhibition illustrates the trans-Antarctic expedition and the Commonwealth contribution to the International Geophysical Year

Left: one of three baby elephant seals which have recently arrived at the London Zoo from the Antarctic. When fully grown these seals measure about twenty-six feet



The first of Britain's experimental submarines, the *Explorer*, arriving at West India Dock, London, last week on a six-day visit. This submarine is able to develop full power when completely submerged

Party Political Broadcast

The New Rent Bill

By ANTHONY GREENWOOD, M.P., and DOUGLAS HOUGHTON, M.P.,
speaking on behalf of the Labour Party

ANTHONY GREENWOOD: In my constituency in Lancashire, long rows of grey-stone houses straggle irregularly up the sides of the Pennines. Many of them are back-to-backs. A lot have no lavatory of their own, and some don't even have piped water. Before long the people in most of those houses will have to pay more rent—although the houses won't be better painted, or keep out the cold, wet winds of east Lancashire any more effectively—and the lavatory will still be down the street.

In London I live in the constituency of the Minister of Housing, who is responsible for the Rent Bill. The weather is better there, but the problem of rising rents is the same. Indeed, local doctors are talking of a new disease—they call it Rent Bill phobia—a sort of nervous illness brought on by worry about paying the new rents, and indeed worry about losing the house altogether. And I'm afraid that that's what's going to happen to a lot of people when the Bill goes through. That's why we've put on this programme, so that you can know how the Bill will affect you, and what you can do about it.

Here to answer your questions is Douglas Houghton, Member of Parliament for Sowerby, who has so often helped you in the past over the B.B.C. And first of all he's going to give an outline of the Bill.

Douglas Houghton: We've already got a pretty good idea of what this new Rent Bill is going to do. So much so that we've a stack of letters here from people who are anxious or even alarmed at what may happen. The main objects of the Bill are quite simple. At present the Rent Acts give over 5,500,000 tenants of privately owned houses and flats a large measure of protection against rent increases and eviction. The new Bill makes drastic changes in the whole pattern of rent control as we have known it for nearly twenty years.

Eight hundred thousand houses will be taken out of rent control altogether. These are houses and flats of more than £40 rateable value in London and Scotland, and more than £30 rateable value elsewhere in England and Wales. Fifteen months after the Bill becomes law, rent control for these houses will come to an end, leaving the sitting tenant with no protection whatsoever. The tenants must come to terms with the landlord, or risk being turned out if they don't.

Now for the tenants of houses and flats with lower rateable values, those of £40 rateable value or less in London and Scotland, and £30 or less elsewhere in England and Wales. What about them? They will have almost the same protection against being turned out as they have under the Rent Acts now, but their rent may go up quite a bit. The rents of some 2,250,000 houses can be increased by 7s. 6d. a week or more; 1,000,000 between 5s. and 7s. 6d. a week increase; and another 1,000,000 by smaller amounts up to 5s. a week.

In England and Wales the new and higher rent which we may have to pay will depend on two things. First, the amount of the gross value of the house in the new 1956 rating assessments; and, second, what repairs and decorations the landlord is responsible for. The rent can go up to a new and higher ceiling of anything between one-and-a-third and two-and-a-third times the

1956 gross rateable value, according to the extent of the landlord's responsibility for repairs. In Scotland the increases for the time being will be somewhat different. There, the present repairs increase of two-fifths of the pre-1954 rent may be raised to one-half. Where no repairs increase is payable under the 1954 Rent Act in Scotland, the pre-1954 rent may be increased by one-quarter. Now as soon as the Bill becomes law, landlords may give three months' notice of rent increases. At least three months' notice must be given of any rent increase up to 7s. 6d. a week. Increases beyond 7s. 6d. a week can't be imposed for six months longer.

Now that means that where the rent increase is more than 7s. 6d. a week we may get it in two instalments—7s. 6d. a week after three months' notice, and the balance above 7s. 6d. a week six months later. And then the Bill contains long and complicated rules about what tenants can do to dispute the rent increase where the house is in a poor state of repair. And there it is—that's the new Rent Bill in brief, and we shall certainly need that guide book that the Minister has promised to publish.

Anthony Greenwood: Now before we answer some of the letters we've got here, there are first of all some general points. For example, the dividing line between the houses which are to be completely decontrolled, and those which will remain controlled under the new Bill is £40 rateable value in London and Scotland, and £30 elsewhere. Now how do tenants know where they stand about this? How can they find out what their rateable value is?

Douglas Houghton: Well, everything turns on the rateable value. 'Rateable value' is what we actually pay rates on at so-much in the pound. There are two amounts in every rating assessment on dwelling houses. The higher of the two is called the gross value; and from that a deduction is made to produce the rateable value; and it's the lower amount we're talking about now—the rateable value. The rateable value will be shown on the last rate demand, and if we don't know it, the local council office will tell us.

Anthony Greenwood: A lot of tenants, of course, will pay rates along with the rent to the landlord, and have no idea what their rateable value is, so they'll have to make sure from the council office whether their rateable value is under the limit. Now the next general point is this. The dividing line between control and decontrol isn't permanent. It can be moved downwards to decontrol more and more houses. And there's no guarantee whatsoever that houses remaining controlled under the Bill will stay controlled.

Douglas Houghton: No, there isn't. The Minister can make an order at any time extending complete decontrol to more and more houses of lower rateable values.

Anthony Greenwood: And I don't think there's any doubt that the Government intends gradually to take more and more houses out of rent control, and the Bill certainly gives the Minister an easy means of doing it. There's another problem which is confusing a lot of people. Suppose, for example, two tenants are sharing a house, and one rating assessment covers them both, and the rateable value of the whole house is over the limit. Will both tenancies be decontrolled in those circumstances?

Douglas Houghton: No, they'll remain controlled until the rateable value of the whole house has been apportioned between them. And then the question of control or decontrol will be determined by the rateable value of each part of the accommodation.

Anthony Greenwood: Here's a letter from somewhere in Essex:

My wife and I and our two children look to you for help. We are frantic at the possibility of being evicted or blackmailed into paying the high rents threatened. My case is this: I have rented my house since 1941. The lady who owned it died in 1955, and left it to her son. He was willing to sell for an unreasonably high price which we couldn't afford. We are good tenants and we will willingly pay a fair rent and continue to keep the house in repair. The condition of the house is beautiful through my efforts alone, and any increase in rent will go straight into my landlord's pocket.

Douglas Houghton: Yes, I sympathise with them. I quite understand how they feel, but there's little I can say to help, I'm afraid. From what the letter says, I assume that this house is going to be completely decontrolled.

Anthony Greenwood: So in fact the only protection under the Bill is that they can't be turned out for at least fifteen months from the date the Bill becomes law. And the tenant's rent can't be put up against his will during that time. The Minister's argument is that during the fifteen months' breathing space the landlord and tenant can come to terms, and I'm afraid that that's the tenant's only hope.

Douglas Houghton: It is. That's quite true. But don't forget that the landlord must give at least six months' notice to quit, and this can't be enforced until the end of fifteen months from the date the Bill becomes law.

Anthony Greenwood: Now let's turn to the 5,000,000 houses which will remain controlled under the Bill, at any rate for the present, though, as we said a minute or two ago, we can't rely on any of them being controlled indefinitely.

Douglas Houghton: No. Well, I think there are two points that we ought to bring out here, one is that a controlled house will become decontrolled the moment the sitting tenant leaves. That's the first point. Now the other is that the conditions under which a landlord can get the tenant out to make room for himself or a member of his family will be made easier for many landlords. At present if a landlord bought the house since 1939 (and in some cases since 1937) he can't get possession for his own occupation or for a member of his family unless he can satisfy the Court that the tenant has somewhere else to go. Well now, under the Bill, a landlord who bought the house as recently as any time before November 7 of last year will be able to go to the Court for possession for himself or a member of his family, whether the tenant has somewhere else to go or not.

Anthony Greenwood: Now about the actual rent increases the Bill allows landlords to make. You said that the rent can be put up to a new ceiling between two-and-one-third times the gross value and one-and-one-third times according to what repairs the landlord makes himself responsible for. So tenants ought therefore to know what the gross value is, because that's where we start from.

Douglas Houghton: Well, as I said earlier,

there are two figures in every rating assessment. The larger one is the gross value and the smaller one the net rateable value—the one we actually pay rates on. Now the gross value is what we want to know now, and if we don't know it, the local council will tell us. Where the landlord is responsible for all repairs and undertakes to do inside decorations, the yearly rent can be increased to two-and-one-third times the gross value. Where he undertakes to do all repairs other than inside decorations, he can put the yearly rent up to twice the gross value. Where the tenant is responsible for all repairs, the yearly rent can go up to one-and-a-third times the gross value. And rates are not in these increases—they'll be on top of the newer and higher rents.

Anthony Greenwood: So we should really be able to work out what it will mean in actual rent increases for ourselves. But I've two examples here. The first is from the London Borough of Bermondsey. It's a house of £25 gross value, where the present rent, including rates, is 16s. 3d. The rent can go up in this case to 27s. 11d., an increase of 11s. 8d. a week. And the other example comes from the Borough of Kensington. It's a house with a gross value of £45 a year, and a present inclusive rent of 23s. 1d. a week—that means including rates. That can go up to 43s. 9d. a week, which is an increase of £1 0s. 8d.

Now let's look at the question of repairs, and what the Bill does or does not do to prevent landlords increasing the rent when the house isn't in a proper state of repair. That's going to cause quite a lot of trouble. One thing that's worrying people, for example, is whether the landlord can get the benefit of repairs which he ought to have done but failed to do, and which the tenant carried out at his own expense.

Douglas Houghton: Yes, well, the answer is: 'Yes, he can'. If the house is in a good state of repair, it doesn't matter who has kept it like that. The landlord is entitled to his rent increase according to the extent of his responsibility for repairs, even though the tenant has done them himself. All that the new Bill takes account of in this connection is whether the house is in a state of disrepair. And the tenant can then object to paying the rent increase.

Anthony Greenwood: There's a letter on that point from Liverpool, and it's a pretty grim one. It says:

My husband and I are old-age pensioners. A quarter of our total income goes in rent for an old sub-standard house, with no modern conveniences in it. No electricity, no indoor sanitation, a smoky iron fire-grate, a shallow, brown stone sink, ill-fitting windows and doors, cracked

ceilings and walls, cracked and sunken tiles in the backyard, and walls badly in need of pointing, for which we pay 19s. 6d. a week in rent.

Douglas Houghton: Well, it certainly sounds pretty awful. It's possible, though the letter doesn't say, that this house is already condemned as unfit, or in a slum clearance scheme. If it is, the landlord won't be allowed to put the rent up at all under the Bill. But if this is supposed to be a house fit for people to live in, and the landlord is supposed to keep it in repair, then in my view the tenant should certainly kick against any rent increase. And to do this he'll have to serve a notice of disrepair on the landlord telling him all the things needing attention.

Anthony Greenwood: Then the machinery begins to work.

Douglas Houghton: Yes, and it can take a long time, because when the landlord gets the tenant's notice of disrepair—and there's a special form for it, of course—he can sit and think about it for six weeks. Six whole weeks may go by, and then, at the end of six weeks, if the landlord has done nothing, and promised nothing, the tenant can make application to the local council for a certificate of disrepair.

Anthony Greenwood: And of course the local council have to go into the complaint and serve a notice on the landlord.

Douglas Houghton: Yes, when they get round to it, which may take time, and after that they can give him three more weeks to make up his mind. And by then several months may have gone by.

Anthony Greenwood: During which time the tenant has been paying the rent increase.

Douglas Houghton: Yes, he has, because not until the local council issue a certificate of disrepair can the tenant hold back a single penny of the rent increase. But the tenant's troubles may not be over even with the issue of the certificate. The landlord may object to it and appeal to the County Court.

Anthony Greenwood: Now suppose that during the six weeks' breathing space that the landlord is given after getting the tenant's notice of disrepair he promises to have the defects put right. How long is he given to get the work done?

Douglas Houghton: Six months: he's given six months, though the Minister is considering speeding things up where it looks to the local authority as if the landlord is merely playing for time.

Anthony Greenwood: So it really boils down to this: the tenant pays the rent increase while he's waiting for a hole in the roof to be repaired.

Douglas Houghton: Yes, he does, but if the

landlord falls down on his promise, well then the tenant can hold back the rent increase.

Anthony Greenwood: Well, that's all very fine, of course, but it doesn't repair the roof.

So there you have it. That's the Bill the Government is pushing through Parliament. Douglas Houghton has shown you what it will do, but we obviously can't cover every conceivable case in one short talk like this. So if you're still in doubt, go along to the town hall or council offices, and, if you've got one, take your rent book with you, and there get the details from which you can work out your own position.

The Bill, of course, hasn't gone through yet, and we shall go on fighting it in Parliament as hard as we can. But the Government has used its majority to limit discussion and to stifle criticism. I suppose that's not surprising really when you remember that at the last General Election the Conservatives indignantly denied any intention of introducing such a measure. And now, in spite of their denials, the Bill is on its way to becoming a law.

One of the most objectionable things in the Bill, in our view, is the way that increases in rent won't necessarily be conditional on keeping a house in repair. It seems to us, you know, all wrong that rents should go up unless something is done for the tenants. We say that increases in rent are only justified if they go to pay for improvements to the property—a watertight roof, an up-to-date stove in the kitchen, piped water, and the sort of amenities people have a right to expect. The provision of houses, of course, should be a social service—just like education and the Health Service.

We believe that, for all sorts of reasons, private landlordism has failed. We want people to own their own homes. But if they can't do that, we want the councils to be responsible for the old and new rented houses alike, so that all the houses can be put to the best use. It won't be long before we start doing that now, after the next General Election, but in the meantime the Government's Rent Bill is going to cause terrible hardship. A lot of you who are waiting for us to finish so that you can enjoy the 'History of Mr. Polly' will soon be out of your house, just as surely as Mr. Polly was when his was burned down.

Tonight we've tried to help you, and we'll go on doing all we can. Your Labour Member of Parliament or your prospective Labour candidate, or your Labour councillors, or the secretary of the local Labour Party, will give you all the help they can. But these things, you know, are done by the Government, and it's you who elect the Government. So remember, in the last resort it's up to you.

Letters to the Editor

Doubts About the Free Trade Area

Sir,—Professor Kahn's doubts about the European free trade area expressed in his reply to Sir Keith Joseph (*THE LISTENER*, March 21) seem to amount to this—that if agricultural produce is excluded, there will be little gained through the better international division of labour in the production of industrial goods. The inference, apparently, is that the only really important form of international trade is the exchange of manufactured goods for agricultural produce; the rest is minor embellishment.

Now, it is precisely because the facts of world trade in the nineteen-fifties have thrown this traditional economist's picture into doubt that the plan for a European free trade area has attracted so much support. The main expansion of international trade in recent years has been

among the industrial countries themselves, especially in western Europe. They have had no doubts that international specialisation in industry produced economies which were well worth while. Comparative prices have demonstrated it for them. And why should this be doubted in face of such familiar facts as the overwhelming superiority and cheapness of Swiss watches and the huge differences in productivity between Europe and America over a wide range of industries?

Moreover, with advancing technology, the benefits to be derived from international specialisation in industry will surely tend to increase further. The aeroplane industry and the atomic energy industry are two examples which point that way.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

ANDREW SHONFIELD

Oxford Moral Philosophy

Sir,—I apologise to Professor Flew. I am afraid that the idea of someone thinking that the Nuremberg Trials were an example of any sort of justice threw me into a rage, so that I quite emulated Mr. Hare. I now realise that Professor Flew does not think this since he has written privately to tell me so. But he did speak of a 'legal recognition' (*re: at Nuremberg*) of a claim of natural justice over and above positive law.

Now the 'natural justice' that certain tribunals in England (by law) don't have to observe isn't something over and above positive law: it is something built into positive law. By positive law the decision of a court is invalidated if the judge is found to be a party to the quarrel or if both sides are not given a hearing, and

'natural justice' is the lawyer's name for these grounds of appeal.

Now I did not object to the decisions of the courts that certain tribunals don't have to observe these principles. If that is the law, the decisions are unquestionably correct, as I called them. It is such laws that I think bad. But judges must judge according to law and not bend it because they can see it produces injustice: they can only try to get it changed, or, if the laws are very bad, refuse to be judges. The idea of a court proceeding according to conceptions of justice not provided by the law itself appear to me extremely bad.

The following sample of Nuremberg ought to be widely known: 'Doenitz, you have committed the following crimes against International Law. (There follow several pages of them.) We thought we'd get you on this, but it has been pointed out that our side did the same thing in the Pacific. So we have thought up something else to get you on (for which we can cite no law). Ten years'.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford G. E. M. ANSCOMBE

Sir,—Before this correspondence ends (I find it hard to believe that it will go on much longer) may I add a few notes to my letter?

(a) 'Lubricity: slipperiness, smoothness; oiliness: fig. "slipperiness", shiftiness; unsteadiness, instability; elusiveness' O.E.D. Anyone reading Miss Anscombe's broadcast will readily identify the qualities in her style to which I was alluding; so there was no call to take the word *sensu obsceno*. The O.E.D. has also some singularly apt quotations.

(b) In suggesting that Miss Anscombe thought *suggestiones falsi venial* I was relying less on the incident which her husband Mr. Geach relates (though this gave me what I took for a clue) than on her actions. But her disavowal, which of course I accept, shows that I was wrong to take her actions as an indication of what she believes to be right.

(c) I am surprised that she should interpret my moral judgements as 'just expressions of rage'. This is roughly the view which was taken of moral judgements by the 'boo-hurrah' school of ethics, to which I did not think she belonged. But I intended my judgements to carry descriptive meaning; they were meant to draw attention, by way of condemnation, to certain features of her method of conducting arguments; and I hope I made it tolerably clear what these features were. Did she, perhaps, mean 'expressions of just rage'?

(d) It does not seem to me that she has produced an answer to any one of the points in my letter, beyond calling me a 'consequentialist'. She does not explain what 'consequentialism' is. If it is the opinion that we are morally responsible for what we willingly and wittingly bring about, is it so damnable a heresy? And she still has not said what I ought to do when the Gestapo ask me where my friend is.

(e) I believe in 'the moral law within' in a similar sense to what I take to be Kant's—namely 'the property the will has of being a law to itself' (see the passage quoted in my *Language of Morals* pages 29f., 196). Though I have lost confidence in my power to divine Miss Anscombe's views (for example, she seems to be for principles one week, against them the next), I fancy that she believes in the moral law without, i.e., in that heteronomy of the will which Kant called 'the source of all spurious principles of morality'.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford R. M. HARE

Sir,—Are we not seeing in this correspondence a battle by proxy between early Wittgenstein (Mr. Nowell-Smith *et al.*) and late Wittgenstein (Miss Anscombe)? For Wittgenstein says in his 1945 preface to his 1953 book:

Four years ago I had occasion to re-read my first book (the *Tractatus*) and explain its ideas to someone. . . . Since beginning to occupy myself with philosophy again, sixteen years ago, I have been forced to recognise grave mistakes in what I wrote in that first book. . . . It is not impossible that it should fall to the lot of this work, in its poverty and in the darkness of this time, to bring light into one brain or another—but of course it is not likely. I should not like to spare other people the trouble of thinking. But, if possible, to stimulate someone to thoughts of his own.

Development from the *Tractatus* seems to me far more likely to lead to a sitting-on-the-fence attitude among philosophers, towards matters of such public importance as H-bombs and the Nuremberg Trials, than development from the *Investigations*. Briefly, I see Miss Anscombe as the protagonist among philosophers of having life and having it more abundantly. If she has her philosophical way, the human race should pull through; if not, not.

I still ardently want some idea of Miss Anscombe's starting-point about right and wrong. Can she please bend her mind to giving a lucid introduction to it, as simple and direct as her Wittgenstein work?

Yours, etc.,

Totnes HUGH HECKSTALL-SMITH

Sir,—I should have thought that what Miss Anscombe charges Oxford moralists with is precisely that which they and, alas, all modern moralists pride themselves on. She accuses them—I use the word advisedly—of not corrupting anyone. Surely she is right. For only he can be said to corrupt who preaches a definite way of life. They assert that they are merely analysing moral thinking, as though there could be an analysis of moral thinking which is not also the advocacy of a certain way of life. I have tried, in vain, to expose the preposterousness of this claim and it surely deserves to be satirised.

Yours, etc.,

Leicester PHILIP LEON

Educational Lessons from Canada

Sir,—Mr. John Sharp's 'Educational Lessons from Canada' (printed in THE LISTENER of March 14) was disappointingly so very like most other reports by individuals and delegations, representing various aspects of our national life, who have crossed the Atlantic to study comparable institutions and activities.

Are there no flaws in Canadian education? Have we no advantages here on which we might congratulate ourselves? Perhaps I'm mistaken but Mr. Sharp is so ingenuously impressed by all he has seen that I almost feel sorry for him. Are we so far spent as a nation that we have to clutch at such straws?

Perhaps I can sketch in the missing details, essential to a more realistic picture of Canadian education. Whatever it owed to Scotland and Scottish teachers is now hardly apparent if not entirely lost. Scholastic standards and academic qualifications are low by Scottish standards. Effective class discipline hardly exists and too often, as a result, the teacher has to curry favour with his pupils. The Canadian teacher has less personal and professional freedom than the teacher here for there are fewer safeguards against a tyranny of inspectors, headmasters, and school boards.

Much is made of the Canadian school's extra-curricular social activities but just as much is done in almost any Scottish senior secondary school—and that without any adverse effects on scholastic standards.

Has Mr. Sharp considered the possibility that the tendency towards staying on at school beyond the statutory leaving age may be the result of a special Canadian problem—the desire to postpone the child's leaving home for good?

In that vast and sparsely populated country, children often have to go far afield to find employment. Part-time working is not unknown here among the older pupils although there may be less necessity for it owing to our generous maintenance grants which are available from the secondary school award. There are no comparable grants in the Canadian system.

A great deal of lip service is paid to the importance of non-academic subjects in Canadian education and too often they are merely a convenient dumping-ground for the dullest pupils. For instance, in the teaching of art no genuine attempt is made, as it is here, to limit the size of the class to manageable proportions for this most personal of all the practical subjects.

I am well aware that education in Canada is bedevilled by a teacher shortage more serious than our own but that in itself is an indication of the unattractiveness of the work. The cost to the ordinary class teacher, here and in Canada, of these grandiose educational schemes—the darlings of politicians, sociologists, and inspectors—is not even hinted at by Mr. Sharp.

Mr. Sharp could find worthwhile educational examples nearer home—at Rugby, in Wales, Scotland, and even France.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.1 THOMAS GARDNER

Style and Vision

Sir,—Mr. Hammond, under the guise of an innocent question, makes the usual photographer's plea for recognition as a creative artist. A camera, he points out, is a tool: so is a paintbrush. A photographer is (or can be) a man with vision: so is an artist. Therefore there is no difference in kind between a photograph and a painting, or between a photographer and a painter.

My reply, briefly, is this. Every tool has a purpose. A camera is a tool designed to produce objective records of visible objects. A paintbrush is a tool designed for transferring pigment on to a canvas surface: it is, therefore, capable of producing subjective records of personal experience.

A camera, in the hands of a Cartier Bresson, can be persuaded to produce results that embody a fraction of the photographer's vision: a paintbrush needs no such persuasion. It needs skilful handling but it is not working against the grain of the artist's intentions by refusing to omit what bores him or to emphasise what interests him.

The argument can be settled by a mathematical test. The best of Cartier Bresson's photographs and the best of Cézanne's paintings are objects of unusual excellence produced by men of unusual skill and sensitivity. Why, then, are persons who wish to possess excellent objects willing to pay several thousand times more for an object made by Cézanne than for an object made by Cartier Bresson?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1 ERIC NEWTON

The Third Programme

Sir,—Though the titles of many talks on the Third Programme have attracted me, I regret that I have far less knowledge of their substance than my frequent tunings-in have led me to expect. As a university teacher I have been learning for thirty years or so to listen attentively to my students. But my profession has also made me aware that of all teachers we are the only ones whose curriculum of study requires in general no training in the art of speaking. The 194 m. emissions have defeated my listening efforts because they have for the most part brought to my ear the maladroitness of my own tribe. My attention has been drawn away from the themes by the cruel fascination of the voices.

This endemic disorder is most astonishing in the fantastic blend of European accents with a scheme of sounds completely falsified by the inaccurate study of English phonetics. Scarcely any of the continental speakers appear to have given effective attention to the reciprocal influences of our consonants, and those who have tried to do so go too far, producing a slovenly caricature, made still less attractive by a muddling of overwrought Received Pronunciation vowels with Middle West American oddities. When they add the insipid spice of faded colloquialisms I say: 'This is where I switch off'.

Such speakers are perhaps to be pardoned, for after all, English is a tricky language. But a policy which floods the programme with many such noises must be seriously questioned. Is it perhaps too costly to have the scripts read by people who really know English? If not, it would perhaps be well if the same were done with the many scripts which emanate from the fertile brains of English scholars whose voice-production and capricious man-handling of their own language defeat the purpose of their scholarship and claim neither patience nor mercy. There is far too great contrast between

the strained, piping, fumbling voices of these people and the rich true tones of the skilled readers who are occasionally invited to illustrate their talks.—Yours, etc.,

Sheffield, 10

W. F. MAINLAND

Sir,—*ὁπῶς ἀκούων ἀγαθὸν ἐκσφίζω βίον,
θέλω βοηθεῖν τῷ Τρίτῳ Προγράμματι.*

That I the listener may 'good life' maintain,
Third Programme shall my willing succour gain.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.13

ALBERT EUSTANCE

The Most Cultured of All Romans

Sir,—In a talk printed in THE LISTENER of March 7, Mr. Robert Graves told us that the Emperor Nero's poetry has not survived. 'My guess', he says, a little later, 'is that Nero was a typical third-rate Latin poet'. In fact there is good reason to believe that a few of the Emperor's hexameter lines are still extant.

An ancient commentator states that four lines (99-102) of the poet Cassius' First Satire (on modern poetry) are really Nero's, and a scholiast on Lucan quotes three more lines as

Nero's. Of these two extracts the first is a corybantic word-picture, the second a reference to the supposed passage of the river Tigris under ground. In both cases the writing is musical and accomplished 'Parnassian'.

Finally, Nero's tutor Seneca, speaking of the doves, writes: 'As Caesar very beautifully says: "Colla Cytheriacae splendent agitata columbae"'—which is perhaps better than third-rate.

I noted these details from a recent article in *The Classical Review* by Mr. M. H. Bardon. The poet Martial writing under Domitian speaks with much respect of Nero's poetry.

Yours, etc.,

Abingdon

OSWALD COULDREY

The Discoverer of Radio Waves

Sir,—Neither Mr. Ratcliffe (THE LISTENER, March 7) nor Mr. McCleery (THE LISTENER, March 21) is correct regarding the hypothesis of conducting layers in the upper atmosphere. The existence of such a layer was postulated by Balfour Stewart as long ago as 1869, in order to explain some variations of the earth's magnetic field.—Yours, etc.,

Dublin

F. E. DIXON

Understanding between East and West

(continued from page 503)

surprise. As for religion, there was never any prejudice or lack of opportunity to learn, whether in Thailand or over here. Christian missionaries went to Thailand before the seventeenth century and worked there unmolested. King Narai, who reigned at the same time as your James II, even gave them money to build a church. But the Thais have been Buddhist now for over 800 years, and Buddhist ethics are so similar to those of Christianity. Long before the Christian missionaries came we had already been taught such virtues as tolerance, uprightness, obedience to parents, kindness to children and animals, compassion for the poor; then the elimination of anger, of cruelty, and of extravagance. To all that the missionaries could only add the doctrine of the personified God-Creator and Saviour. The Buddhists, however, believe in the Law of Karma—which is the law of cause and effect. The creator is within ourselves, although there must be an ultimate source of goodness from which we have come and to which we may return, after we have been purified by countless reincarnated lives. But that Power is in itself bound by its own laws. The Buddha was a purified soul who became the great Teacher. 'No one can save another. The Master can but show the way', said the Buddha.

Buddhism is thereby a tolerant religion. We Buddhists feel that other religions are worthy of respect if the aim is the same—the attainment of good. We see that aim as the summit of a mountain to reach which there may be different ways. But I find with regret that followers of exclusive religions such as Christianity and Mohammedanism often find it difficult to be so tolerant. A French writer of the seventeenth century, Count Forbin, once described how patiently a Buddhist monk listened to a missionary expound Christianity and then attack Buddhism. The Buddhist monk said: 'As I had the politeness to approve of your religion, why will you not approve of mine?' That is very much the attitude of the Thais of today, which is why we are sometimes hurt by western insensitiveness. In many European homes I have seen images of the Buddha as drawing-room ornaments, and one was actually used as a hat-stand. In our country you would never find

emblems of other religions placed in a position of disrespect. It is the same insensitivity which made it possible for the American film, 'The King and I', to make fun of my great-grandfather when he was supposed to be at a religious service. As the actor-King intoned prayers before a Buddha image, he rolled on the floor beside Anna, the English teacher, laughing at her.

Although the present Christian missionaries have little success in making converts—two per cent. in the schools is what they tell me—they do some excellent work in schools and convents and provide medical help in addition to our own medical services, and enjoy a position of much respect. The Christian and Moslem minority live and work unmolested in Thailand. Not long ago the Thai Ambassador to Italy was a Roman Catholic, and I recently met the head of a Thai Government hospital who was a Presbyterian.

But because we Thais are tolerant towards other religions, you must not imagine that we are lackadaisical about our own. Our Buddhist ethics go extremely deep with most of us. The five precepts for the laymen—not to kill, not to steal, not to commit wrongful sex acts, tell untruths, or consume intoxicants—are more strictly kept than not, and those who break them suffer much from a bad conscience. Amongst the peasants there are drunken brawls leading to injuries and even death. In Bangkok some people drink more than they should. But really they are in the smallest minority. The women are almost entirely teetotal. Even at smart modern parties they usually take only soft drinks. More people go to the temple services than ever before, and many young men still enter the priesthood for one period of three months. Then there are about 100,000 who stay in the monasteries almost permanently. I say 'almost' because Buddhist monks do not make an eternal vow, and can leave whenever they wish. Not long ago one who was renowned for his fine preaching left the order at forty-five to get married. All the Patriarch said was: 'Oh well, he's still young!'

Buddhist and Christian ethics are so similar that when the average Thai student comes into contact with Christian ethics he feels that he is

on familiar ground. He comes to the West with them already firmly fixed in his mind. There is no void or emptiness which requires to be filled. Even the once big gap between our view of marriage and yours has been bridged. We used to allow polygamy, because Buddhism tends to ignore sex in general as irrelevant, and only condemns individual breaches of the third precept, which condemns wrongful sexual acts. But since 1936 polygamy has been abolished by law, so that it is difficult now to find where our ethics differ.

Over here many of our students come into full contact with Christian rituals. I myself lived in a rectory for nearly two years, when I went to church every Sunday, plus Thursdays during Lent, and at Harrow I sang in the school choir. Although we feel respect for the Church here, there is no urge to change our religion. That is perhaps where we differ from you most. We find it easy to respect and understand other beliefs. This may be because we do not have that belief in original sin which requires complete and unwavering allegiance to the one true God and Saviour. We rely for our future in this world and the next only on the fruits of our own good or evil deeds. We do not believe that in addition to personal goodness we need anything like the Christian redemption as a passport to an after-life.

But we think that religions which have the good of the human soul as the ultimate goal must lead to the same end and are all worthy of respect. It is because the average Thai student usually arrives here already imbued with our own ethical and spiritual beliefs that he has no room left to absorb those of the West. But he can understand and sympathise, like the monk mentioned by Count Forbin in the seventeenth century. It is in this tolerance of other people's beliefs and feelings, combined with sensitiveness and sympathy, which we from the East can best offer you of the West an example.

Perhaps if the peoples of the West, regardless of their religions or ideologies, can achieve a similar spirit, we can all arrive at that stage of complete understanding which alone can bring to this distracted world of ours that true peace which we all so sorely need.—Home Service

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

TO some Mr. Francis Bacon is a highly gifted artist who misuses his talent in deliberate mystification and by his choice of preposterous, horrifying, and often repellent subjects. To others his view of the world as a place of obscure torments and inexplicable alarms is as original and interesting as one of Kafka's inventions; it may be impossible to interpret his pictures with precision but each new glimpse of savagery or suffering, though seen only through a veil, has the effect of a disquieting truth. His new paintings at the Hanover Gallery include four large studies, as he himself calls them, of Van Gogh striding through the country to paint a landscape and here there are few signs of any wilful obscurity. It is true that in all four paintings Van Gogh's features, as so often in Mr. Bacon's figures, are blurred and out of focus as if in a photograph taken with a camera which has shifted, but the effect, strangely enough, is to make the image of a doomed and lunatic artist not less but more expressive. If anyone should have left a ghost behind him it is Van Gogh and it is fitting that in these pictures he should look like a vague and momentary apparition still recapitulating his intense emotional experiences at Arles. It is also noticeable that in these paintings Mr. Bacon has changed his technique; he now uses thick and juicy paint laid on with expressionist vigour, whereas his normal method, to be seen in other paintings in the exhibition, is to paint thinly on absorbent canvas.

Mario Sironi and Massimo Campigli, who share a large exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery, are both Italian artists of established reputation who have now been painting for many years; Sironi was born in 1885 and Campigli ten years later. But Sironi's works are little known in this country, though he is represented in the Estorick collection, whereas paintings by Campigli have fairly often been seen in London. Campigli's charming figures, in pale earthy colours and ranged on the canvas as if they were pottery figurines of great antiquity set out in a glass case, are thoroughly Mediterranean in feeling and immediately provoke a feeling of nostalgia for the South. Sironi, on the other hand, is much more expressionist and northern in feeling though his compositions have a lucidity and decision which belongs to classical design. A few earlier landscapes—one of them is dated 1930—have an arresting simplicity but in most of his later works he carries still further Campigli's device of assembling objects like specimens in a row, a landscape, a figure and so on, each in its separate compartment on a single canvas. In this way each object becomes a clear and memorable image, but it is remarkable how skilfully the separate compartments are linked together and how well the artist avoids monotony by slight irregularities in their shape.

M. Roger Chapelain-Midy is a stage designer of great daring and originality, as anyone who saw his setting for 'The Magic Flute' will admit. But his paintings, at Tooth's Gallery, have no such audacity; they are highly competent, effective in their professional finish, always

in excellent taste, but without any marked originality of vision. He is most successful when most obviously decorative, as in some flower paintings and still-life subjects like 'Le Buffet Blanc'. Roland Browse and Delbanco's Gallery has put on a second exhibition of the work of the Irish post-impressionist Roderic O'Connor, who worked with Gauguin at Pont Aven and who emerged from almost total obscurity in a post-humous exhibition of his paintings a year ago. The present show

confirms one's impression that he is not only remarkable for having understood the post-impressionist style at so early a date but that he also possessed a distinct individuality.

Miss Anne Said, at the Beaux Arts Gallery, uses the medium of drawing for the production of large, highly finished and complete compositions. She works with enormous and pre-Raphaelite patience, recording every conceivable detail even in such objects as the skull of an animal or dead vegetation. The neatness and precision of her execution is undeniable and she has a certain lightness of touch which may counteract the impatience naturally provoked by such long and methodical labour.

Mr. Peter Kinley's new paintings at the Gimpel Fils Gallery are all figures reduced to the same degree of abstraction as the landscapes in his previous exhibition at the same gallery. His handling of paint, though for the most part it is laid on with a knife, is sensitive, there is a rich texture throughout his canvases, and he uses pale colour with great delicacy. Though his figures are geometrical and even rectangular in structure they have substance

and more variety than might at first be thought.

An extremely sumptuous still-life by Abraham van Beyeren—it is labelled 'Still Life in the Grand Manner'—is the most interesting work in an exhibition of Dutch and Flemish masters at Slatter's Gallery. Van Beyeren was one of the few Dutch painters of still life in the seventeenth century to indulge, like Chardin, in a rich and creamy surface of paint and here the succulence of his fruit and flowers is wonderful.

The Lefevre Gallery has an attractive exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings which includes a ravishing and exquisitely effortless pastel by Manet (reproduced on the cover of THE LISTENER this week) and an impressive nude painted by Oscar Kokoschka in 1914.

Rogier van der Weyden's small 'Pietà' from the collection of Lord Powis is now hanging in Room XX of the National Gallery. It is the first picture to be acquired by the gallery under the new law which allows the Board of Inland Revenue to accept works of art in satisfaction of estate duty. Since it came to the gallery it has been cleaned and the full radiance of its colour has now been revealed; there can be no doubt that it is one of the most beautiful of all Flemish pictures and one that can stand comparison with the best of the National Gallery's Van Eycks.



'Hall of Mirrors' (1956), by Massimo Campigli: from the exhibition at Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Middle East Crisis. By Guy Wint and Peter Calvocoressi. Penguin. 2s.

THE ELECTORATE WHICH, sooner or later, will give its verdict on our foreign policy is entitled to the fullest possible information on the issues involved, and a Penguin book published at a price which makes it accessible to all is an admirable vehicle for a survey of the facts. The authors of *Middle East Crisis* refer to the deeply stirred emotions evoked in a section of British opinion by the Anglo-French *coup* of November last year, and they leave the reader in no doubt as to the side of the controversy on which they take their stand. Their method of approach is 'party-political' rather than objective and historical, and they make full use of the licence which is permissible in political controversy, if of doubtful value in a historical survey. The method may be judged from the description of Sir Anthony Eden as 'the most emotional prime minister whom this country has known'—one, moreover, whose motives were dictated by 'implacable anger' against the Egyptian dictator, with whom he carried on a personal feud. This is to go as far as it is possible to go in anticipating the verdict of history. Like other observers the writers are obsessed by the *mystique* of Arab nationalism, and they attribute all our misfortunes in the Middle East to a perennial failure to recognise its irresistible force. The facts, nevertheless, are capable of the different interpretation that British policy since 1920 has been a persistent attempt to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Arab people while safeguarding interests which British governments of both parties have regarded as vital. To the implied charge of unreformed 'colonialism' the various Anglo-Egyptian treaties and the independence of the Sudan provide a convincing answer.

From the story of the past the authors of *Middle East Crisis* turn to the consideration of the future. Britain, they recognise, still has interests in the Middle East, namely 'to get oil and to deny to the Russians possession of the bridgehead joining Asia and Africa'. The containment of the Russians is conveniently left to the United States, while our other interests will be served by having friends in the Middle East in place of submissive clients. Anglo-Arab friendship which has been an article of faith with many well-meaning people in this country has always been a one-way lane. In present circumstances can it be said to be more than a wish-fulfilment dream, and is friendship (a term really meaningless in politics) a substitute for community of interests and common aims? The planning outlined in this chapter is based on the naive assumption that in this area of passionate hatreds and unbridled ambitions, reason as understood by enlightened British opinion can somehow be made to prevail, and that even the fierce anger at the very existence of Israel can be softened by diplomacy. If, as the writers maintain, 'the major powers' must guarantee Arab-Israeli frontiers and support an international force to be stationed in Cyprus, while Britain must abandon all idea of 'dominating' the Middle East, the Arabs it appears will have to make the best of seeing British hegemony replaced by that of the United Nations, which in effect means the United States, provided of course that Russia is excluded from the scene.

The fact which emerges most clearly is that an area which is important to the whole world as a source of oil and a centre of communications cannot without peril be left under the

unfettered control of politically immature rulers in the sacred name of inviolable national sovereignty. As a footnote it should be mentioned that of all the ways of spelling the Egyptian dictator's name 'Abdul Gamel Nasser' qualifies for a prize as the best howler.

No Fine on Fun. By A. P. Herbert. Methuen. 15s.

Sir Alan Herbert has given his book for subtitle, 'The Comical History of the Entertainment Duty'. But, as Polonius might have said and as Sir Alan demonstrates, it is a case of tragical-historical-economical-cultural, tax-unintelligible and muddle unlimited. In his vigorously written and fully documented book, most aptly timed to appear before the Budget, Sir Alan has traced the absurdities and injustices that have arisen since the duty was imposed as a war-time emergency measure in 1916, when Mr. Reginald McKenna was Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was definitely understood then that the end of the first world war would bring the end of the duty. But one Chancellor's word is easily forgotten by the next, and it is the melancholy experience of the British people that taxes imposed as emergency measures are usually retained as unfortunate necessities. A Chancellor who abolishes the duty altogether will lose £40,000,000 and a Chancellor who remodels the duty, in a conscientious effort to be merciful, as some have already done, only creates new anomalies and infuriates those who are still liable to pay.

The fundamental trouble is the wide meaning attachable to the word entertainment. This has led to elaborate efforts to separate cultural or educational entertainment from other less exalted forms of popular recreation and, since culture and education have a wide variety of aspects and meanings, this well-intentioned plan has brought about its own contradictions and absurdities. In the theatre, for example, it was soon apparent that nobody can draw up a schedule of educational and non-educational plays without producing chaos. The introduction of exemption from duty for non-profit-distributing companies led only to further complications, since powerful theatrical managements took advantage of this to run non-profit companies with one hand and profit-companies with the other, discreetly choosing the category in which they would place this play or that. Again, there were anomalies, animosity, and outcry.

In the world of athletics, there has been the same difficulty of separating sporting sheep from sporting goats. If cricket is offered sheep-status, the football clubs are naturally indignant at being deemed goatish. Sir Alan believes that no sense can be made of the entertainment duty and continues the eloquent plea that he has long made for total abolition. The Treasury, on the other hand, has always wanted the takings and the takings are now so large that any Chancellor must view total abolition, however logical, as a woeful prospect for himself.

But here, fairly and fully set out, are the no less woeful results of a tax which has to be paid when a loss is made just as much as when profits are made. Undoubtedly the duty is a great deterrent to enterprise. It has closed down (or helped to close down) scores of play-houses and cinemas and the casualties include many doing commendable work. The duty, allowing for exemptions, does not assist what is called the living theatre to go on living. The fact that

the state, through the Arts Council, is now an endowing patron while, through the entertainment duty, it is (or can be called) a pillaging oppressor, adds to the complication of argument and the heightening of indignation. Here is an immensely tangled problem which concerns almost every citizen in one way or another. Sir Alan holds strong and also clear views. He is an amusing and nimble contestant and, if taxation can ever be made the cause of light reading, he is the man to state a case that will make reform seem not only reasonable in itself but an immensely readable subject for us all.

A Mortal Pitch. Poems by Vernon Scannell. Villiers Publications. 7s. 6d.

Mavericks. An Anthology edited by Howard Sergeant and Dannie Abse. Poetry and Poverty*. 6s.

The Stones of Troy. Poems by C. A. Trypanis. Faber. 10s. 6d.

In big and little corners, from august Bloomsbury and the obscure postal districts of the metropolis, the poets of England continue their one-man fights. From N.19 comes Mr. Vernon Scannell, who has a pat and clever way with words, though sometimes his ideas are a little contrived, not fully worked in: like a gap in the conversation of people who have not too much in common. It is, of course, the old problem: it is his readers whom Mr. Scannell is not sure of; nor his readers, completely, of him. But there are some good near misses: 'Four Dead Beats to a Bar' is a splendid joke and a splendid title, though the first line is spoiled by a redundant final 'there' (to rhyme with despair?); in such pieces the screw needs to be turned as tight as possible. Again, 'How to Fill in a Crossword Puzzle' reminds one of some of the more arid ingenuities of the poets of the 'Movement', which is odd (for the reason why it is odd, see below). Other awkward *personae* intrude elsewhere: Dylan Thomas, or the people who write about him, in 'Elgy for a Dead Toper', and Betjerman in 'Old Man's Song' (would it had been Yeats instead), while in a poem like—wait for it—'The Unsuccessful Poet', it is the whole tone that causes uneasiness, the too-resistible didacticism of

Puff into the bladder of his self-esteem

And do not underestimate his value . . .

From N.W.3 comes Mr. Scannell again, with eight other poets, in an anthology called *Mavericks*. These writers have in common the fact that they are 'working outside' the Wain-Amis 'Movement' (i.e. were not included in *New Lines*): otherwise, the generalisations in the introduction ('making a valid attempt to grapple' . . . etc.) could be applied equally well to any literary composition. A number of poems in this book would not have been out of place in *New Lines*, and vice versa. What the present editors no doubt have in mind, though, is intensity, fervour, and so on, here supplied almost too painfully by Mr. Jon Silkin in 'Death of a Son', which works up from a quiet beginning ('Something has ceased to come along with me') to a climax which it would be wrong to wrench from its context to quote here. Mr. Abse's poems also exhibit considerable religious feeling: 'Master' and 'Duality' are ambitious and at times impressive, though it is in the more relaxed 'Letter to *The Times*' that he comes nearest to solving the problems of tone and

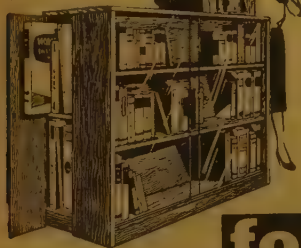
* The publisher's address is 8 Eton Avenue, London, N.W.3

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attitude which appear to obsess the contemporary poet:

And stars,
so indifferent and delinquent, stars which we have
decorated with glittering adjectives more
numerous
than those bestowed on Helen's eyes—do they
warn us when they fall? Not a hint.
Not a star-wink. They are even too lazy
to shine when we are most awake.

That at least is one way to write—not a mixture of ways. With the poems of Professor Trypanis, we are in another way again: the high mandarin classical tradition of Arnoldian epic commentary with modern lapidary-Alexandrian flavouring à la Durrell. No querulous duffle-coated ego shambles through these strict objective pages in which some of the eternal moments of the Greek past—particularly that of the *Iliad*—are recollected into poems of dignity and—in such lighter pieces as 'The Games'—great charm. Professor Trypanis has the epigrammatic mastery of the old poets he knows so well, especially in his last lines: 'Leonidas is only a matter of precedence' (*Thermopylae* 1941), 'A god should know what to protect you from', etc. He is at his best in the sequence which gives his book its title, as in his fine stanzas on Achilles' treatment of Hector's corpse (*Iliad* xxiv, 46ff):

It can become a habit, but the heart
Will soon forget her barren anger-lust.
Only your hands will act the villain part,
Only your feet still prod him in the dust.

The Stones of Troy is worth getting hold of, if only to read the whole of that poem.

Easter in Sicily

By Herbert Kubly. Gollancz. 18s.

It is a pity that Mr. Kubly does not look at himself with the same ironical detachment that he reserves for other visitors to Sicily. He would be able to compete more than satisfactorily with the Germans, Swiss, Scandinavians, English and Americans whom he so entertainingly dissects for our benefit. Explaining to Sicilian wide-boys that they must learn 'the difference between dreams and reality. If you don't learn this, you will never be able to work for Americans'; shouting 'My darling Clementine' down the ear of Dionysius in Syracuse; rescuing American sailors from the predatory inhabitants of Palermo—on all these and many other occasions when he holds the centre of the stage his sense of humour seems to desert him.

Yet it would be most unfortunate if the irritation that one feels for his occasional bouts of priggishness were to stop one appreciating the great merits of his new book. After all, the problem of how northerners should cope with such an alien civilisation as that of Sicily is virtually insoluble, and Mr. Kubly is probably right to observe rather than to justify or to condemn. He is a very good observer indeed. He sees beneath the shams of the tourist paradise and exposes the cruelty, corruption, and despair that he so often finds. His insistence on the misgovernment of the past does much to explain such distressing symptoms. Unfortunately, tolerant though he is, he always expects the corrupt to make an exception in their dealings with himself, and he retires baffled, hurt and angry when he finds that this is not the case—an attitude that was still more noticeable in his earlier book *Stranger in Italy*. But the anti-Americanism that so worried him there is, of course, far less prevalent in an island where virtually everyone wants to emigrate to New York.

The Sicily that Mr. Kubly explores with such sympathy and integrity is almost entirely confined to the towns; and even in these, mostly to the young men of Taormina, Palermo, Syracuse and elsewhere who make such a

profitable business out of the tourist trade. The rich may, as he claims, be inaccessible, skulking in their locked palaces, but even so his concentration on only a small fraction of the population inevitably gives us a distorted idea of the island. Fecklessness, apparent sexual insatiability, ruthless extortion—all these are familiar enough to anyone who has visited Sicily. But so too are the dignity and overwhelming hospitality that are to be found outside the main towns—and, indeed, often in them. These characteristics too ought to receive attention if we are to have a balanced picture. So ought the thriving intellectual life and many other positive features which are scarcely mentioned here. An attitude of *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner* is admirable but it is not adequate. The trouble with Mr. Kubly's book is that through its very qualities—especially evident in a strikingly vivid account of the confused pagan and Christian ceremonies of Easter—it may give as false a picture of Sicily as the more familiar one of an island whose inhabitants do nothing but sing and play the guitar.

English Historical Documents 1833.

1874, Vol. XII, Part I. Edited by
G. M. Young and W. D. Handcock.
Eyre and Spottiswoode. 95s.

This massive collection of documents, running to over 1,000 pages, is the latest title in the now well known and widely used series of which Professor Douglas is the general editor.

It had always been evident that as the series approached modern times, the mass of materials would become overwhelming. In addition, as Humphrey Ward said in 1897 in his *Reign of Queen Victoria*, the Victorian era comprised 'years of change so great and so far reaching that scarcely any other half century of the world's history can be compared to them'. This sentiment is apparently shared by Messrs. Young and Handcock who write of the age as having 'more than a national—even something of an oecumenical significance'. They have reacted to their challenge boldly, and indeed drastically. They have been granted a second volume in which to cover the 1874-1914 part of their period; even so, they have decided to illustrate only 'the central theme' of Victorian history: 'the response of the institutions and traditions of an old, vigorous and highly integrated society to the twin impacts of industrialism and democracy'. And even this theme has been narrowed by excising imperial and foreign policy (on the very proper grounds that impressive collections of documents already exist for these two subjects). Finally, they have taken the course, and avow it quite openly, of giving priority to the 'public' records. Within these limits they devote sections to: The Monarchy; Parliament; National Resources; The Churches; Chartism and Free Trade; Law, Penal Systems and Courts; Central Administration; Local Government; the Poor Law; Public Health; Education; Industrial Conditions and Legislation.

A striking and gratifying feature of the collection thus composed is the preponderating attention given to administration: the last seven sections are, in effect, all different aspects of this. This novel distribution of emphasis reflects the current reaction to the nineteenth-century historians' absorption in the development of parliamentary institutions and their lack of interest in administrative history. This reaction has affected the recent treatment of all periods of British history, medieval as well as modern. It is particularly welcome in this collection because the rich administrative developments of the nineteenth century are only beginning to be explored by historians, and the excerpts given here, often from obscure sources, cannot fail to influence

the choice of topics for research by post-graduate students. Two other features call for high praise. The introductions to each section are admirable, and so are the critical bibliographies attached to them. (These not only record studies and bibliographies but also specialist articles from the learned journals, as well as the relevant parliamentary papers.)

In view of the proliferating variety of themes and sources in this period, one cannot seriously reproach the editors for confining themselves to one 'central theme' in Victorian history. One may, however, quite fairly have reservations about whether they have not interpreted even this central theme too narrowly. There is no section on political parties. Readers will be hard put to it, even after reading the excellent general introduction, to understand the difference between a whig and a tory; to comprehend the importance of the registration machinery, after 1832, for the development of party structure; or to grasp the connection between the 1867 Reform Act and the growth of the Liberal caucus. There is nothing to illustrate the changing role of the press—not even the 'taxes on knowledge' debates, nor those on the repeal of the paper duties. The role and structure of the Cabinet, which might have been brilliantly illustrated by excerpts from the letters of contemporary statesmen, here find almost no mention. Perhaps the reason for all such omissions is identical: parties, press, and Cabinet are not as such, 'known to the Constitution' and therefore there is comparatively little about them in the 'public documents' to which, with few exceptions, the editors confine themselves. And the same reason—this addiction to public documents—may explain the omission of a potentially valuable section comprising contemporary views on the changing constitution. Lord Brougham, Earl Grey, Macaulay, to say nothing of Mill and Bagehot, do, in their own way, throw as much light on Victorian institutions as the official papers themselves: and were perhaps more influential. And, in this context, why omit from the bibliographies the altogether admirable Alpheus Todd, whose *Parliamentary Government* of 1867, a pedestrian but amazingly complete citation of bluebook and Hansard, is almost as indispensable a quarry for the student of this period as Messrs. Young and Handcock's own impressive and splendidly produced volume?

Gustave Flaubert and the Art of Realism

By Anthony Thorlby.

Bowes and Bowes. 7s. 6d.

Criticism in England has not neglected Flaubert, for there can be few studies in the art of the novel which have escaped a terrified glance at his perfectionism, his marmoreal objectivity. It was Thibaudet who suggested that critics were shy at committing themselves about *Bouvard et Pécuchet* from a suspicion that they might discover their remarks already foreshadowed in the *sottisier* with which Flaubert was to conclude that volume. Mr. Thorlby refuses to be frightened. He has taken courage because he has perceived that Flaubert himself is the one who is really frightened—that his creative activity was a heroically sustained effort to control his fear of the abyss that cracked open before him whenever he was confronted by *la bêtise humaine*. Nietzsche went mad in the attempt to transvaluate all values 'after the death of God'; Flaubert kept his sanity by his determination to document the human consequences following upon that notable decease, but the documentation would be meaningless unless it was given the significance of art, a valuation set upon that which was without value. The trouble about 'an epistemological critique' which sets out to be a work of art is its inherent ambiguity, and this

ambiguity in the novels of Flaubert—the haunting sense that they are all flawed masterpieces—is the recurrent theme of Mr. Thorlby's pages. Flaubert was very much aware of it. 'It was in hatred of realism that I undertook this book', he wrote of *Madame Bovary*. Again, in a letter to George Sand: 'I execrate what is generally called realism, even though I am supposed to be one of its greatest pontiffs; figure that one out!' And if we suspect George Sand found that one a little puzzling, Mr. Thorlby figures it out with confident acumen—this 'new concept of realism within the romantic mode of experience'.

Flaubert's impersonality, his detachment, the style he forged for his purpose, are seen as the expression of a dichotomy which was his experience of life and which had to be sustained as dichotomy if he was to remain true to this experience. 'The value and importance of words', writes Mr. Thorlby, 'was greatly increased. But this increase was paid for by a corresponding loss in the real value of human being, until the perfected phrase reads like a symbol of man's worthlessness'. Mr. Thorlby's analysis of the novels is still important as a discussion of the art of fiction than as a parabolic commentary on the metaphysical problems we are still seeking to solve. Flaubert, even if we are reluctant to read him, is still relevant to that attempt, which he began and which we must continue, 'to express the illusions of feeling without making himself or his work the victim of illusion'.

In the long run it is *Bouvard et Pécuchet* that remains our book because, as Raymond Queneau has suggested (in an essay which is a regrettable omission from Mr. Thorlby's bibliography), it is an odyssey in that homeric pattern where western literature has discovered its most audacious victories. But can this be said of a novel which, as Mr. Thorlby observes, is 'a book about why realistic art is no longer possible'? How can there be a significant journey which never achieves a significant end, which cannot, indeed, reach a conclusion when its mode of progress is 'a grotesque degree of resourcefulness in the characterisation of lethal imbecility' until nothing is left? But it is at this point we intercept the whisper in which Flaubert overcame his fear: *L'ineptie consiste à vouloir conclure*, and recognise the necessary wisdom to ride out the ineptitudes of our world.

The Focal Encyclopaedia of Photography. Focal Press. £5. 5s.

This is a fantastic piece of book production. Of all books, a reference book should be handy and easy to use. This one, with 1,300 pages, is printed on a heavy cartridge paper—durable and admirable in quality, no doubt—which makes it four inches thick and seven pounds in weight. This Falstaff of books is ugly too, with far too much imitation gold on its paunchy surface.

The text, however, is set sensibly, in a size of type that most people can read without discomfort. Here, the accent has been on clarity, and the many diagrams and drawings, though totally graceless, are simple and clear. Photographs are also included, to amplify a point in the text, or to illustrate a style—with minute captions set several pages away from the pictures they refer to.

The editors and writers of this swollen tome have deserved better from their publishers than they have received. They have tried to be informative and they have tried to be interesting, and most of the time they have succeeded. Difficult technicalities are not shirked; on the contrary, they are dealt with faithfully in language that the amateur at least, if not the layman, can understand. The editors have made a book of reference and instruction which will, for instance, not only tell you who Daguerre and Fox

Talbot were, and what they did, but also, step by step, how to make a trichrome carbonyl colour print, or how to develop a colour film or panchromatic plate. If you merely want information, this book gives it; if you want to know how to do something in photography or cinematography, there is an article full of practical instruction, with illustrations where necessary.

It is surprising to find aquatint entered as a photographic process (almost unknown), with no reference at all to the well-known etching method, which nevertheless few people understand or can recognise. There are odd placings, too. What is Obsolete Printing Processes doing under O when surely it ought to be tacked on to an article on printing processes under P? But there is no such article. Bromide printing, which one might expect to find there, or under B anyway, in fact comes under Enlarging (with developers elsewhere under D), and other processes are entered under their own names—Contact Printing, Bromoil, etc., scattered throughout the book. The information is there all right, and can be found with help from various cross references.

In spite of these criticisms the *Focal Encyclopaedia of Photography* is a welcome and important reference book for both the amateur and the professional photographer.

Essays in Sociology and Social Philosophy: Vol. I, On the Diversity of Morals. Vol. II, Reason and Unreason in Society. By Morris Ginsberg.

Heinemann. 25s. and 21s. respectively.

Reason and Experience in Ethics

By Morris Ginsberg. Oxford. 6s.

Professor Ginsberg is one of our most distinguished living sociologists but he has never produced a *magnum opus* on the scale, say, of his predecessor in the Martin White Chair of Sociology, L. T. Hobhouse. His talents lie in a different direction. What he is supremely good at is the short essay, written as an article for some learned journal, a lecture to be delivered on some formal occasion, or a contribution to some collection of essays on a sociological topic. He takes his subject—it may be one of the founding fathers of sociology, it may be a topic such as national character or anti-semitism, or it may be a disputed issue such as the relativity of morals or the relation between psychology and the social sciences. He brings to bear upon whatever subject he has chosen a critical philosophical mind and a formidable apparatus of information and learning.

The second of the two volumes of *Essays in Sociology and Social Philosophy*, containing among other things the well-known essays on 'Moral Progress', the 'Problems and Methods of Sociology', and the 'Causes of War', has already been published and is now reprinted as a companion volume to the first. The title of Volume I: 'On the Diversity of Morals' indicates one of the main themes which runs through several of the essays collected together: does the variety of moral codes reported by anthropologists force us to take up the relativist position that there is nothing to choose between them? Or, are they not as different from one another as they appear to be at first sight? The other main theme is the nature of sociology itself and its relation to other social disciplines. Included in the two volumes are studies of Comte, Durkheim, Pareto, and Hobhouse.

Professor Ginsberg's special interest in ethical problems has already been noticed, and it was the influence of reason on ethical judgements that he chose as his topic for the Comte

Memorial Lecture in 1956, which is published separately. Moral judgements, he holds, are no mere gestures of approval or disapproval, in the making of which reason plays no part. On the contrary, reason is operative in the analysis of the situation, in weighing up the possible results of action, and in the assessment of moral priorities.

The reason why Professor Ginsberg finds the essay a congenial form is, no doubt, that he cannot bear to waste words. Every essay is tightly constructed, packed with information, and devoid of anything that one could call 'padding'. The trouble about essays is that articles get dispersed in journals and 'proceedings' and are difficult of access. This collection is of the greatest value; it brings together in compact form contributions to sociological thought which less skilful and less restrained writers would have inflated into *magna opera*, supposing that magnitude be judged in terms of mere size.

A Pictorial History of American Literature. By Van Wyck Brooks and Otto L. Bettmann. Dent. 50s.

To illustrate or not to illustrate—that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to figure out the scenes and portraits of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' *Makers and Finders: a History of the Writer in America, 1800-1915*, or whether actually seeing some of them gives the reader a better sense of transatlantic literary life. The question is an academic one. In this pictorial abridgement it is possible to have something of both worlds, and who would unsmilingly turn his back on pictures chosen with the flair and scholarship of Dr. Bettmann? There are contemporary illustrations of Irving's America, paintings like Dunlap's scene from Fenimore Cooper's *The Spy* and Philip Harry's of Tremont Street, Boston, in 1840, Longfellow in his study, a magnificent and revealing picture of Hawthorne and a photograph of the Old Manse, another of Lowell taken by Oliver Wendell Holmes, 'The Long Path' on Boston Common and The Larch Walk at Concord, Joaquin Miller against a backdrop and Bret Harte bearded in the snow, a noble likeness of Mark Twain and a candid and unusual one of Emily Dickinson, Dreiser, and Gertrude Stein, and Pound young, middle-aged, and old—more than 500 photographs and drawings, in fact, many of them rare or never before published.

Certainly they do not help us grasp the nature of, say, Hawthorne's or Melville's unique contribution to literature more profoundly, but nor, for that matter, do Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' five books. There are other studies for that purpose. The art of Mr. Brooks is to make people come alive, to describe the comings and goings of authors, sages and mountebanks. In *Makers and Finders* he does this with comprehensiveness and feeling. Something of this feeling Dr. Bettmann has tried to capture in his illustrations. That he has not succeeded entirely and that his book is no substitute for Mr. Brooks' original lies in the fact that a collection of still pictures illustrating an abridged version must inevitably lack the warmth and sense of flow that a skilful writer gives to his narrative.

Dr. Bettmann calls *Makers and Finders* 'a history of American life seen through the literary window'. So it is—but it is more than that. It is felt as well as seen, a history with the stamp of a personality on every page. In abridging it to 'less than one-sixth of the original' (considerably less) Dr. Bettmann has had to denature Mr. Brooks' enjoyable and memorable text, and all the pictures in the world cannot make up for that. Even so, it is a brave attempt, and one which should be widely circulated.

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Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Are We Pampered?

IN MY LISTENING DAYS I learned by exhausting experience to fight shy of those broadcast debates in which university union societies—it was usually Oxford and Cambridge—met to discuss a subject which, whether frivolous or serious in itself, was by common consent treated with a

these young people dealt with it. As in the case of inter-university debates it was recognised that a tincture of levity was permissible, but it was always relevant as criticism, in no case was it laid on too thick, there was nothing of the disproportion noticeable in the apple-tart provided at the school I attended, which a wag described as clove-tart flavoured with apple. As for the speeches themselves, in most of them the quality of their style was remarkably high; indeed it was difficult to believe that a master or mistress had not cast an eye over the script and suggested drastic improvements. I mention script because I don't doubt, considering the importance of the occasion, that each speaker had carefully prepared most of what he or she was going to say, written it down and memorised it, but there was no other reason to suspect a script: each speaker spoke with what seemed absolute spontaneity and a natural self-possession which was delightful to hear and see because it was equally free from diffidence and bumptiousness. Even the microscopic girl and boy who contributed their bit put up a highly creditable show.

During last week's 'Panorama' we were conducted on a lightning and enlightening expedition into the world of gambling. We didn't venture far afield, in fact not outside this country, but I learned much that was both interesting and amusing about the ways and means of the punter and the dabbler in football pools, and met various people, some in official positions, others amateurs, in the betting and gambling world. An inveterate old backer who picked his horses by the best scientific methods declared with a twinkle that he lost more than he gained on horse-racing, while his wife, who trusted to intuition, fancy, and fortune-telling, made a pretty good thing out of it. In the matter of football pools, Hubert Phillips, who, in addition to his other accom-

plishments has brought an acute mathematical eye to bear on them, assured us that a close and careful study of the teams from every aspect contributes absolutely nothing whatsoever to our chances of winning the coveted fortune: a piece of information which throws a grimly comic light on the thousands who spend more time and thought over their pools than Narcissus himself.

After three months of television News I have ceased to resent the presence of the news readers but am still ungrateful for the illustrations which accompany the News both on B.B.C. and I.T.V. For instance what conceivable value—even, to put it at its lowest, sensational value—was there in the vague abstractions shown with the news of the aeroplane crash at Manchester a week or two ago, or the bleached and ghostly glimpse of the Prime Minister's head, features, and shoulders broadcasting a brief message as he boarded the aircraft for Bermuda last week?

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

For and Against

'FROM BIAS FREE of every kind this trial must be tried'. That has been jingling in my ears. A play cannot be condemned on its first five minutes, or the first sight of its characters. Repeating hopefully, 'This will get better and better in every way' one waits for the miracle. Alas, if one has met the play before it is unlikely that the miracle will happen. A harsh little whisper says from a glum cavern of the memory, 'Don't deceive yourself. You know very well'.

It is all the more exciting, then, when a play grows on one with use. With me 'The Indifferent Shepherd' does. Nine years ago Peter Ustinov seemed to have had trouble with it. I met a revival, only eighteen months ago, in which the piece came through as altogether more true and flexible than I had imagined. And now television has re-burnished it. Maybe, if I collect it for a fourth time, I shall be cheering at the top of my voice.

This is not the Ustinov of those gloriously abundant charade-plays, the longest of which had the opening line, 'We seem to have run out of conversation'. It is a more or less straight contrast between two types of parson: a gentle, vague soul who shivers under the almost Jonsonian label of Henry Aspen, and who knows that he took the cloth from self-pity, and a bumptious man-of-the-world chaplain who has the answer for every problem, in triplicate. Ustinov, chuckling to himself, rubs in the contrast by, using a situation not unknown in the theatre, the matter of the pregnant housemaid. How will the clergymen treat this? The muddled-poetic Aspen tells the girl that she is part of the sunlight and the stars, part of untamed Nature. It follows that she takes a frightened header into the pond; and it is then that the hearty-padre type, who could never run out of conversation, gets to work with details of the happy time to be had under the wing of a society for unmarried mothers.

These scenes were acted as well as I



Bookmakers taking bets on a race-course: a scene from an item on gambling in 'Panorama' on March 18

high percentage of levity. And why not? Much of one's time at school and university is taken up by serious stuff and so it must be all to the good, surely, to loose the tension now and then and let fly. And so it was, audibly, for those on the spot. But the effect on the listener was different. There were bright moments, some witty and eloquent speeches, but the total effect was heavy. Too often the jocularity was laboured and many speakers lacked the art to disguise the fact that it had been thought up beforehand, as some of it at least must be on occasions like these. Little wonder then that my expectations were not tuned up to a very high pitch when I turned on a programme in 'Children's Television' called 'Thrash it Out', in which fifty girls and fifty boys from the Cardiff High Schools for Girls and Boys respectively discussed the subject 'We are pampered'. The chairman was Hywel Davies and I learn from the *Radio Times* that he was charged 'to keep strictly to his chair and not air a single opinion of his own'—a charge which, while running the show with refreshing geniality, he scrupulously obeyed.

'We are pampered' is admittedly a theme to loose the tongue, especially when it is understood, as it was on this occasion, to cover pampering by parents, teachers, and the government. Even as I read it on the screen I was aware of a rush of arguments to the head. None the less I was bowled over by the proficiency with which



'Lend Us Your Children' on March 20: a student learning how to handle young children at the Church of England training college at Ripon



'The Indifferent Shepherd' on March 21, with (left to right) Brenda Hogan as Hilary Jordan, Michael Hordern as Henry Aspen, and Joan Haythorne as Melanie Aspen

have yet met anything on television, by Michael Hordern in an anxious fuzz ('You are a fragment of untamed Nature. Glory in it'); John Arnatt, who almost sang to the girl like a robustly clerical 'B.B.' (a complicated comparison, perhaps, since Shaw's specialist was one of Mr. Hordern's best parts); and Charmian Eyre, who allowed herself one half-frightened snatch of a smile during a performance even better now—and that is saying a lot—than it was at the Criterion in 1948.

In the mind, this passage which should be something off-centre moves inevitably to mid-stage. Aspen's wife, frustrated and neurotic, is a less urgent figure than she should be, probably because the part is unvaried. Joan Haythorne got some variety into it, especially in the reconciliation. Ian Colin had to battle with the selfishly sensual Group-Captain. I shall probably remember this revival for Mr. Hordern, the shepherd whose hungry sheep look up and are not fed, the kind, tender, helpless man who yet can claim more of the inner light than the immensely efficient adding-machine that is his brother-in-law. Aspen knows that the Church needs men with minds like doctors; but we, as we listen, realise that there are ways in which to offer the prescription. In spite of the evidence,

we are not entirely sure that the indifferent shepherd has missed his vocation. Campbell Logan produced with flowing ease. He made us free of the vicarage garden—a good place, Oldchurch-in-the-Vale—and the only moment that disconcerted me was the thunderstorm with its almost Chestertonian rain: the cataract of the cliff of heaven fell blinding off the brink.

'From bias free . . . ' For three-quarters of an hour on Sunday night I told myself, agonised, that S. N. Behrman in 'The Second Man' was clearly a dramatist of the Sharpest Insight and the Keenest Wit. Then, having collected a sad little dump of stencil-phrases, I tossed the lot into the fire. After all, I was watching a quartet-

comedy that had aged into a dreary bore: I doubt whether it could ever have been anything else. Here are four people in and out of a New York apartment. They neither say nor do anything that catches the attention; Mr. Behrman must have been as tired of his puppets, at the last, as I was at the end of ninety minutes that (a change here) could well have been reduced to fifteen. The cast acted with loyalty, and Joy Harington's cameras explored every inch of the apartment in the hope that something would turn up. It was a delight at length to get away from New York, and to meet Geza Anda and Brahms.

Possibly it would have been fun if the two wild psychiatrists of 'Just a Little Cuckoo' had been unleashed in Mr. Behrman's

apartment. We observed them loose in Chelsea during half-an-hour of agreeable blither (the title is acute) by Ann Alexander and Lore Cowan. Archie Campbell flipped it along so cheerfully that, from the first, I was prejudiced. Ayes to the right.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting DRAMA

Moralities

BETWEEN THE fifteenth-century Moralities, in the Third on Sunday last week, and 'The Prisoner', Monday's Home Service production, the drama came full circle. Medieval imagination projected terrors and temptations as theatrical figures

which we domesticated to pantomime demons with two-penn'orth of red fire, and even they're scarce nowadays. Modern psychology rediscovered the terrors and temptations in the unknown depths of the individual mind. 'You see the painted mask and the horns and the eyes of fire', said the Abbot to the western climber, in W. H. Auden's 'The Ascent of F.6',

and you think: 'This Demon is only a bogey that nurses use to frighten their children: I have outgrown such nonsense. It is fit only for ignorant monks and peasants. With our factory chimneys and our furnaces and our locomotives we have banished these fairy-tales. . . . ' But you would be wrong. The peasants, as you surmise rightly, are simple and uneducated; so their vision is simple and uneducated. They see the truth as a crude and coloured picture. Perhaps for that reason, they see it more clearly than you or I. For it is a picture of truth. The Demon is real. Only his ministry and his visitations are unique for every nature. To the complicated and sensitive, like yourself, Mr. Ransom, his disguises are more subtle. He is—what shall I say?—the formless terror in the dream . . .

The sixth programme of John Barton's 'The First Stage' included excerpts from five Morali-



'The Second Man' on March 24, with (left to right) Judith Wyler as Monica, Errol MacKinnon as Austin Lowe, Jeremy Hawk as Clark Storey, and Helen Horton as Kendall Frayne

ties. Crude and coloured pictures, if you like: but also truths seen more clearly than you or I usually succeed in seeing them through a haze of abstractions and rationalisations. Not that the result, in these plays, is invariably what one might expect of didactic drama. In 'Mankind' a bleating Mercy merely rouses the rowdies to render whatever was the medieval rock 'n' roll. Goodness soon palls on the stage, Mr. Barton explained, and wickedness flourishes. The actors came to consider the Vice the liveliest and best part. Lucifer and his imps, crackling all over with fireworks, stole the show. But not always. 'Everyman' was in the same programme. It is the greatest Morality play of the century, and it has no devils. It is now also the most familiar. Well as Raymond Raikes produced it, I would have liked more of the rarer 'Castle of Perseverance' instead.

Spiritual and psychological notions of human nature have been playing Box and Cox in the English theatre for a good many years now, but occasionally meet. There was that slight skirmish in Graham Greene's living-room, and oddly mixed colourless drinks at Mr. Eliot's cocktail party. The plot of Bridget Boland's play 'The Prisoner' promises the overdue head-on collision. But do we get it? A Catholic cardinal is incessantly interrogated by a totalitarian psycho-



Scene from 'Peace and Quiet', televised from Wales on March 19, with (left to right) Catherine Feller as Olivia Vryan, Marda Vanne as Lady Garside, Jeremy Burnham as Edward Russell, Anthony Ireland as William Harley, and Ballard Berkeley as George Vryan



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analyst until his castle of perseverance turns out to be garrisoned by the deadly sins, Pride in particular. He never loved God or man. He took refuge in the priesthood from a disgust of the flesh aroused by the immorality of his mother. Now he wants to tell everyone. Advised that this will be taken as saintly humility, he agrees to confess to a lot of war-time and political treason and corruption as well, of which we can only assume he is not guilty at all. The inquisitor, surprised to find that anything is left of the cardinal after that, decides to leave the service of the totalitarian state.

If you want to believe that God raises the cardinal from the depths of humiliation, and that it is the Christian truth that convinces the inquisitor, you may. Miss Boland remains tactfully silent. In any case, what we want to know is would it have been any different if the cardinal really loved God and man and had an irreproachable mother? Still, there is a series of duologues that grip the attention, and the exploration of a mature mind makes admirable radio material. It became something more than that in the masterly performances of Paul Scofield and Jack May. Precise, calm, and intelligent at first, Mr. Scofield's voice could still make us imagine whole Roman candles of scarlet sin exploding in the face of heaven, catherine-wheel complexes viciously circling, and yet a citadel of silent salvation behind it all. Auden's abbot was right. And the fiendish fireworks of the old Moralities were neither so foolish nor so funny, after all.

The Saturday night piece in the 'Against the Wind' series, Lance Sieveking's adaptation of H. G. Wells' novel 'The History of Mr. Polly', might be called an Immorality play. Mr. Polly also has to pass through fire of his own kindling, when he sets his shop blazing to get away from it and from his dull wife. The theme is that one's really good deeds may be those the world would think the worst, existentialism for Everyman. It works like a dream, with someone conveniently getting drowned in Polly's clothes, so that the insurance company can fill the great gap in Nature left by the abdication of Providence. Mr. Polly can settle down to watch sunsets with his Good Deeds, who is a plump old party with a country pub. 'Just demi-mendacious, eh?' as Mr. Polly himself puts it.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

A Pattern in Black and White

IT IS STRANGE that professional anthropologists should have taken up only so recently the study of the West Indian Negro. For years the wildly imaginative William Seabrook, with his highly specialised interests, had the field largely to himself. During the last few years pioneers like Mr. Raymond Smith, with his *The Negro Family in British Guiana*, have been trying to define the patterns of Caribbean life, and how the race, with its contribution of various European bloods, differs from the West African original from which it sprang. I imagine that social anthropologists in England have been studying the great migration from the Caribbean to the United Kingdom from its beginnings, so that in the future it will be possible to see the whole extraordinary pattern. Last week the Home Service made its contribution with a documentary on the conditions of the immigrants and, on another evening, a discussion under the sane chairmanship of Mr. Colin MacInnes. It was during this discussion that a West Indian mother, married to an Englishman, said that she believed the products of black-white miscegenation were 'the people of the future'. It is a theory becoming more and more widely considered, and must account in part for the theory of *apartheid*.

It was, naturally, this problem of black-white relationship which dominated the discussion; the West Indian's discovery of the 'real' Englishman as opposed to the fictitious convention created for him by out-dated and imperialistic methods of education; his hatred of the patronising friendliness that he sees as a parallel to colonial paternalism; the chip on the shoulder and the hyper-sensitiveness that so often follows. It was at this point that Mr. MacInnes frankly suggested that much of the trouble came from this irrational sensitiveness and—a little shamefacedly—the coloured members of the panel agreed.

Certainly most of the West Indians with whom we come into contact in a general way have made themselves extremely popular—the charming, courteous Caribbean bus-conductors and conductresses have brightened public transport immensely. But what will happen to the next generations of these immigrants? The lilting speech of the islands will perhaps be lost to a Cockney 'Aythangyow' on the buses. They will not be sustained by any identification with the West Indies as a country of their own. They will be the subtly underprivileged citizens of Great Britain, as likely to break into a calypso or dance a conga as a Geordie housewife. It is then that we will know a little of the awfulness of the race-problem of South Africa and the American South, and I wonder if our reactions will be as piously humanitarian as they are now, when the problem is not ours.

With Lenten propriety the Third Programme has been broadcasting a series on 'The Cloth', and in last week's programme Canon Charles Smyth discussed the Church today not in theological or even political terms, but simply its function as part of the order of society, an exercise in social anthropology. Protestantism, and particularly the Church of England, has always been aware of the purely empirical value of the Church, of its use as an adjunct of law to curb, as Canon Smyth put it, 'the natural perversity of man'. It is an aspect of Huxley's 'minimum working hypothesis'. In Catholic countries ethical dogmas, of course, are of great importance, but I am always surprised to find how little relation the ordinary people in Mediterranean countries make between 'religion' and the actual conduct of their lives. This, it seems, is controlled far more by an innate sense of ethical values. This is no survival, as so much else is, from pagan periods; as Canon Smyth pointed out in one of the most interesting passages in his talk, pagan governments always encouraged the priesthood because of its supernatural control—by fear of punishment in after-life—over the masses. Indeed, all government in the Maya Old Empire was hieratic. Each period has recognised the general usefulness of the theory, and after quoting Bishop Warburton's statement that 'the supernatural sanctions of religion must enforce the secular sanctions of law', Canon Smyth went on to define the ideal modern Church as standing between the complexity of the state and the simplicity of the family, and as 'a school of good citizenship'. Yet I wondered, during this excellent talk, to what extent the Church today lives up to this ideal image, whether it is not on its way to becoming something as amiably archaic as Mr. Nigel Dennis' 'Wardenship of the Badgeries' in *Cards of Identity*.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC

First Performances

THE THIRD PROGRAMME is gradually, perhaps a bit shyly, giving us glimpses of the work of *avant-garde* composers, whether *concrétistes*, electronicians, or practitioners in 'normal' mediums of sound. The quotation marks are

necessary: normal is the most singularly inappropriate adjective one could apply to the music of Pierre Boulez whose 'Structures' for two pianos was broadcast for the first time last week. The composer himself was partnered by Yvonne Loriod whom one knows to be devoted to the cause. What indeed is an old-fashioned music-critic to say to the work of this unquestionably clever and gifted young Frenchman who has succeeded in freeing his structures 'from all melody, all harmony, and all counter-point'. A splendidly purgative achievement, closely parallel to that of the French 'anti-theatre' playwright Eugene Ionesco of whom a newspaper wrote a few days ago: 'After he had destroyed dialogue, the field was wide open'. One thing seems to me sure: though every note, every rhythm, every dynamic marking—the dynamic scheme, incidentally, could only be *faithfully* rendered by electronic means—is highly and intellectually organised by the composer, the intellectual (*i.e.*, analytical) approach on the part of the listener gets him nowhere.

Even to follow from the beautifully printed, if at times eccentrically notated, score (Universal Edition) was for me a hindrance rather than a help: I must confess, however, that I, and I gather several more dogged score-followers than myself, quickly lost my place. The sounds were not unpleasant, nor—I hasten to add—pleasant: they were, if one listened with concentration, a trifle boring, their effect curiously akin to that of improvisation, despite all the organisation. Perhaps one should not listen concentratedly, but rather with half-closed ears, just as certain paintings are better examined through half-closed eyes. Perhaps this is a rarefied background noise, a kind of Third Programme 'music-while-you-work'. Some support to this theory is provided by the fact that M. Boulez' very successful concerts in Paris draw their audiences more from writers and artists than from musicians, whose professional training and aural acuteness I seriously believe to be a drawback in appreciating this odd manifestation which can hardly be called music in the accepted sense of the term. However that may be, the B.B.C. is right to keep us abreast of the latest developments in the advanced workshops of Europe.

The other first performance of the week can scarcely have been a greater contrast. This was a sober Violin Concerto by William Wordsworth which, if lacking in adventure, was a thoroughly musicianly and well-constructed composition. The slow movement showed Wordsworth's gift for sustained, poetical writing at its best, an inventive finale made excellent use of material which at its previous appearance in the first movement had seemed unpromising. Robert Masters, for whom the work was written, proved a sympathetic but rather reticent interpreter.

A performance of outstanding vitality was given by Géza Anda of Bartók's Second Piano Concerto. He was aided by some fine playing, especially on the part of the brass, by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent. Surely the best of Bartók's three piano concertos, this work—at one time regarded as one of his 'difficult' pieces—is steadily coming into its own and I can imagine its becoming extremely popular: the main idea of its slow movement is one of Bartók's simplest yet boldest strokes of genius.

Earlier in the week, at the last of the B.B.C.'s season of Symphony Concerts, Sir Malcolm revived Delius' 'Paris', one of the weaker and least evocative of his descriptive works. The concert was made memorable by Lisa Della Casa's beautifully controlled performance of Strauss' 'Four Last Songs': but even her wonderful quality (one particular high, soft entry had the uncanny purity of a flute) could not entirely



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absolve these songs, serene products of Strauss' old age, from the charge of monotony. Lisa Della Casa was also heard in the Thursday concert where she seemed less happy in a Schubert group than in songs by Brahms and, again, Strauss. At the same concert unqualified praise must be given to the Allegri String Quartet's playing of Haydn's 'Lark' quartet: the *moto perpetuo* finale was truly stunning. It is clear that these players, a fairly new team, are

already right in the front rank of English quartets.

The first of two programmes, devised by Charles Mackerras and Fritz Spiegl, on 'Ornamentation in Mozart's Vocal Music' was an admirable example of the sort of valuable and at the same time entertaining research which can be ideally presented through sound broadcasting. It was fascinating not merely to read but to hear, through authenticated illustrations,

how Mozart's bare notes were embellished by contemporary singers. Evidence was adduced, directly, from newly discovered decorated versions of certain arias, and, less directly, from delightfully wheezy mechanical organs of the late eighteenth century.

ALAN FRANK

[Mr. Dyneley Hussey is away and will be resuming his articles in three weeks]

Michael Tippett in 1957

By WILFRID MELLERS

The first of four programmes of Tippett's chamber music will be broadcast at 6.15 p.m. on Thursday, April 4 (Third)

WE first became aware of Michael Tippett as a distinctive musical personality some fifteen years ago, when a recording of his Piano Sonata was issued by a non-commercial company. In some ways, the work seemed quite unpretentious. None the less, listening to this spiritually modest music we saw, or rather heard, that Tippett was not just another composer, of whom there are many, good, bad, and indifferent. His music offered a new experience: which was reconcilable with our past, and at the same time pertinent to us today.

To begin at the most superficial level, this Sonata involved a new kind of piano technique. Whatever qualifications we may have made about the piece, we had to recognise that only a considerable talent could, at this date, have revitalised the faded *clichés* of so overworked an instrument. For Tippett did not merely streamline the piano into modernity by slimming off harmonic and figurative superfluity. Fashionably 'neo-Bachian' two-part writing, though anti-septic, is hardly an adequate fulfilment of the piano's nature; so Tippett's piano texture, if lucid, with a prevalence of octave doublings, is also rich, sensuous, compulsive. It is so because for him texture is the inevitable consequence of the basic processes of creation. He did not invent a new piano idiom; he had to create an original piano style because only through this style could his experience become manifest.

Thus the originality of Tippett's piano texture in his Sonata derives directly from the music's rhythmic impetus; and the originality of that, in turn, derives from the fact that Tippett's rhythm is basically melodic rather than metrical. His *élan* is not merely a matter of 'swinging' a beat by persistent syncopation; it grows from the fact that he thinks in extended melodic span, and that the rhythms of his melodies tend to override the metrical bar-lines. His flexible melodic lines, habitually modal or polymodal, have their origin in the lyricism of the human voice; while the interrelation of these lines has always the thrust of bodily movement. In thus fusing the techniques of voice and dance Tippett's most characteristic idiom is a somewhat exaggerated development from the techniques of English music in the sixteenth century. He has himself referred to this technique as 'sprung' rhythm. One might say that his sprung rhythm bears about the same relationship to the melodic-harmonic rhythm of Byrd as Hopkins' sprung rhythm bears to the mature verse-movement of Shakespeare.

The Piano Sonata is not altogether a mature work. There is a hint of the selfconsciously unselfconscious in the pentatonic, negroid naivety of the last movement; and in the slow movement the beautiful Scots folk-tune is not completely integrated with the glinting, bitonal figuration into which it dissolves. Here we find ourselves sometimes thinking—as we very seldom

do with Tippett's music—of composers who may have influenced him: for instance, Hindemith and Busoni. Yet even in these imperfectly realised movements we can understand why Tippett's reconciliation of melodic directness with textural sophistication should have given his Sonata a significance more than commensurate with its unassuming manner; while in the third movement and, still more, the first, this significance is intrinsic as well as historical.

Interestingly enough, the first movement is not in sonata form, but is a set of variations—an extension of the seventeenth-century principle of divisions on a ground. The tonality begins in an unambiguous G major; the subtleties of division grow from the rhythmic energy within the tune itself. The music always sings, and at the same time always dances; consider the lovely, lilting B flat variation. For all the complexity of the detail, the music is fundamentally single-minded and simple-hearted. It is not music of strife, like the sonata music on which those of Tippett's generation had been nurtured. It flows, indeed bounds, from a full heart. It stresses once more certain fundamentals of creation which, in our obsessive concern with the strains and stresses we live in, we were in danger of forgetting. Although so unpretentious, it reminded us of a truth to which Yeats gave utterance in his old age: that King Lear, in ultimate defeat, was gay.

It was only when, during the dark years of the war, we first heard Tippett's oratorio 'A Child of Our Time' that we came to understand why the apparently unimportant Piano Sonata had meant so much to us. We saw that it was irrelevant to complain that Tippett offered no solution to the twentieth-century distortions and distractions which his text and music so vividly depicted. Solutions are not the artist's business. His concern is with the affirmation of life; and in Yeats' sense the penultimate chorus of 'A Child of Our Time' is not only tranquil but also gay. At all times in history artists have been driven by fear of the perversities inherent in the human heart; and at all times they have created not out of fear, but out of power and joy. This is true even of composers—such as the civilised Mozart, the revolutionary Beethoven, the hypochondriac Wolf—who faced up to terrors compared with which the threat of atomic annihilation is simple.

Tippett's Piano Sonata was perhaps more interesting for what it promised than for what it achieved. His first fully realised chamber work was the Second String Quartet; and that it was a quartet—music conceived for four independent melodic lines—was not fortuitous. The 'madrigalian' tension between free vocal rhythm and implicit dance metre finds consummate expression in the first movement, which is only superficially closer to sonata form than the variations of the Piano Sonata. Though there is a clearly

defined recapitulation, there are no contrasting groups of themes associated with opposed tonalities. The lines flow, in independent rhythmic buoyancy, creating a texture both continuous and evolutionary. Even the climaxes of harmonic tension are created by modal alterations in the melodies: Tippett's characteristic harmonic tang derives in part from an extension of the device—much favoured by English composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—of false relation. Just as his rhythm usually involves a balance between melodic and metrical stress, so his harmony is directly related to a balance of melodic stresses. It is most convincing when most polyphonic in conception: which may be why his string-quartet writing is so frequently in three or two, rather than four, parts, or even (as in the poly-rhythmic scherzo of this quartet) for long stretches unisonal, with the harmonic direction merely implicit.

In the last movement of the Second Quartet Tippett attempts to reconcile the evolutionary song-dance of his madrigalian style with the 'dualistic' sonata conflict of Beethoven: for though he starts from a fresh affirmation of life, he has to come to terms with the divisions and distractions in the human psyche, in the consciousness of which we live. He explores this aspect of experience much more comprehensively, if less convincingly, in the Third Quartet and in a number of works for chamber orchestra, such as the 'Corelli' concerto. The joyous energy of his lyrical and rhythmic invention is intensified, rather than curbed, in these increasingly complex works; but it acquires a quality of desperation, of almost strident assertiveness, in its desire not to falsify experience. The frustrated, unrealised texture in some of Tippett's orchestral works is a part of their honesty; he has to recognise the strangeness, the terrors, within the human sensibility, especially in our tormented century, while still allowing his music to sing and dance in the joy of living. If 'The Midsummer Marriage' sums up the second phase of his career, as 'A Child of Our Time' summed up the first phase, we might say that its importance—in Tippett's history and in that of British music—consists in the fact that here at last the fantastically elaborate orchestral and vocal texture sings and flows in seeming spontaneity: with a radiance comparable with, but so much richer than, that of the Piano Sonata that first attracted our attention. Since the much maligned libretto of the opera was a verbal summary of the process of experience whereby Tippett attained to this technical liberation it has, in my view, more than served its purpose.

A new periodical called *Universities and Left Review* published at Magdalen College, Oxford, has now appeared. Contributors to the spring number, price 3s. 6d., include Isaac Deutscher, Claude Bourdet, G. D. H. Cole, and Joan Robinson.



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EGGS À LA PRINCESSE CHIMAY
HARD-BOIL six eggs. Cut them in half lengthwise, and remove the yolks. Chop up finely about six ounces of mushrooms—or the cheaper mushroom stalks—and cook them gently in a little butter, adding at the last a tablespoon of finely chopped parsley, a pinch of sweet herbs, and a squeeze of lemon. Pulp this if you have a mortar, or mix it as it is with the yolks, with French mustard to taste, salt, and pepper. Stuff the egg-halves, lay them out on a warmed dish, and cover them with a cheese sauce made with milk, flour, butter, and a little grated cheese. Lightly brown the sauce under the grill, and serve at once.

VICTOR MACCLURE

BALTIC FISH PUDDING
Though usually made from a type of flounder fish, I see no reason why any of the good and plentiful white fish should not be used for this Scandinavian fish pudding.
In the top part of your double-boiler bring three cups of milk to the boil. Put in one cup of well-washed Carolina rice, and cook over simmering water until the rice is tender. Drain it, and set aside. Mix together another three cups of milk, one small teaspoon of salt, a bayleaf, and one tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce. In this simmer two-and-a-half pounds of flounder, or other white fish, whole, for fifteen minutes.

VICTOR MACCLURE

(Using fillets, about one-and-a-half pounds will serve six.) Do not over-cook. Let the fish cool in the milk.
In a bowl, blend the drained rice with three well-beaten eggs, a good pinch of grated nutmeg, and a quarter of a cup of the milk in which the fish was cooked. Bone and flake the fish finely. Blend it well with the rice and egg, and put the mixture in a buttered dish, and bake in a moderate oven—370 degrees Fahrenheit (Gas: 4)—for fifty to sixty minutes. Serve hot, with melted butter for sauce; or chilled, with mayonnaise touched up with fine-chopped sweet pickles.

VICTOR MACCLURE

COOKING WITH CHICKEN FAT
A listener writes: 'In a recent broadcast on boiling a fowl the speaker said the fat could be used for cooking. It is most difficult to skim off the fat, let alone get it dry enough to mix with flour. It never consolidates. I should be grateful for a solution to this'.
All fat used in this way must first be clarified. Any good cookery book will tell you how to clarify fat. The important thing is to drive off all the water from the fat in the final process of clarifying. Once this is done it can be put aside in a container to solidify and use as you require it. Chicken fat is always a soft fat, but after clarifying you will find it will be a

little firmer, and, if you so wish, it can be used with other fat for pastrymaking, especially for savoury dishes.

ANN HARDY

Notes on Contributors

- REV. RONALD GREGOR SMITH (page 499): Professor of Divinity, Glasgow University, since 1956; author of *The New Man, Between Man and Man*, etc.
H.R.H. PRINCE CHULA-CHAKRABONGSE of Thailand, Hon. G.C.V.O. (page 503): journalist and author of many books including *The Twain Have Met*, or *An Eastern Prince Came West*
ALFRED NOYES, C.B.E., LL.D., Litt.D. (page 507): author of *A Letter to Lucian, The Devil Takes a Holiday, Two Worlds for Memory* (autobiography), *Collected Poems*, etc.
WILLIAM TATTON BROWN, A.R.I.B.A. (page 512): Deputy County Architect, Hertfordshire, who has recently returned from a visit to the United States
CHARLES ELTON, F.R.S. (page 514): Director, Bureau of Animal Population and Reader in Animal Ecology, Oxford University since 1936; author of *Voles, Mice and Lemmings, The Ecology of Animals*, etc.
ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK (page 522): Slade Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge University, since 1955

Crossword No. 1,400.

Triads.

By Sam

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The lights are words like DUMBO and SINK which give other words when beheaded and when curtailed. The clues contain clues to all three words; thus DUMBO might be clued as 'Gee, boss, I was speechless when I saw that little elephant'. Accents should be ignored.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. At the flower show I was struck a severe blow from behind (6). 6. I wonder who was the composer of the serious fraud in the Piltown stone beds (6). 10. Cereal plant eaten

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by a ruminant in Portuguese India (4). 11. My uncle, a diver by profession, likes a game of cards (4). 12. He gave the vote of thanks literally in Greek and Latin as well (3). 14. I've just read about a score of books by Mrs. Humphreys, so to Cicero for a change (4). 15. The first prize, a Scots coal-box, went to a European (4). 16. Husbandmen certainly needed time to plough a field once (4). 18. When he escaped, he forced the bolt and then leapt over the wall (6). 19. One of the archers notched a gold and was awarded a rosette (5). 20. By all means have a look at the hawse-holes (4). 22. Gracie Fields herself sang in this place before the T.V. cameras (4). 24. You'll find Augustus and Sarah in the garden examining the milkwort sepal (4). 25. In the Ganges valley the Indians prepare a drink from the pigeon-pea (4). 27E. If you threaten me, I'll see you finish up in the jail-house (4). 29R. The god and his attendant live in the pasture, according to Spenser (4). 30. When speaking in public, be refined and restrain any urge to hurry over your words (7). 33. I can affirm that the lights were green and so in my favour but I did my best to prevent the collision (5). 37. This beer is not very fresh, mate (4). 38. Because it is always so cold, the firm in the Alps is not likely to thaw (5). 39. Isaiah shortly plans to go abroad to build up his strength provided he can get the necessary permit (4). 40. As a rule I use a cambric sun-shade as a shelter from the sun (4). 42E. A bream with ridges on his back? By gurn! (4). 44. That beautiful French ring is made to measure for her finger (4). 45. That is indeed a sun fish (3). 46. Thanks to an unusual bait I caught an edentate fish (3). 47. It was a boisterous day when Andrew crossed the border (5). 49. I hope to be back in time for the next Oriental festival (7). 51. More than one of the runners failed to follow the set course so the Stewards decided to probe into the matter (6). 52. Are there bars for horses in this Oxford urban district? Yes, by the river (6).

DOWN

1. The manager showed an eager desire to meet the men's demands and was determined to settle the dispute (6). 2. If you leave that greasy cloth there, you will get a dirty stain on the seat (5). 3. There is a metallic element in this matting (3). 4R. The fishermen made quite a splash in their efforts to head off the flood waters (5). 5. You can fish with a float here free of charge (4). 6. A heavy blow left him very weak; he looked like a corpse (5). 7. At the sound of the gun shot the deer leapt over the hedge (4). 8. 'It is of the Countess ———— lord, of whom I ———— unhappily bound to speak' (Kenilworth) (3). 9. The Brethren reported that they saw a spectral immature animal (6). 11. The ship left port soon after the load had

been put on board (5). 13E. Trench warfare in open country is not to my taste (4). 17E. I did scrape an acquaintance with her ages ago but all I want now is to efface her memory (5). 21. Failure to scotch this snake can be a serious slip (6). 23R. I saw the rascal seize the primate by the back of the neck (4). 24. Each Roman general killed in battle was laid to rest in a separate vaulting compartment (6). 26E. During the recess, M.P.s pass most of the time going the rounds of their constituencies (5). 28. A plunge into water was once recommended to give one renewed vigour (4). 30. That public shelter, provides little protection from the rain (6). 31. He alone is entitled to the credit for designing that remarkable large marble tomb (5). 32. Only after she had screamed did he lift up his foot and crush the beetle (6). 34R. French scrape through the last rubber and wear away the opposition (6). 35. Our football coach instructs us to have hot showers after each game (6). 36R. Spenser remained unmoved while the fanatical mob set fire to the grain harvest (5). 41. A poet who, according to Spenser, has not much of a family tree (4). 43. The Admiralty has issued a note that the cliffs in that area are badly corroded and so are dangerous (3). 45. There is a new book I'd like to read, a desert romance called *Apollo in Egypt* (3). 50-48. You should read *Collected Stories of a Shrew*; you can't beat it for variety (4).

Solution of No. 1,398

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NOTES

Chain-words: 701. MONO(M)CLE; 702. CLEAVER; 703. VERDI-CT; 704. ICTERUS; 705. RUSTLES(s); 706. LESSENS; 707. ENS (= being)-LAVE (= remainder); 708. AVENTRE; 709. TREPAN-G; 710. ANGUINE; 711. INEXACT; 712. ACTINIA; 713. NIAGARA; 714. ARACHIS; 715. HIS-TRIO; 716. RIOTOUS; 717. OUSTING; 718. INGOING; 719. INGESTA (hidden and literal); 720. STATUTE; 721. UT-ENS-(S)IL(K); 722. SILICON; 723. CON-ACRE; 724. CREEPER; 725. PERUSAL; 726. SALIENT; 727. ENTRANT (hidden); 728. ANTONYM; 729. NYM-P-HAL; 730. HALF-WIT; 731. WI-THO-U-T; 732. OUTSPAN; 733. PAN-ACHE; 734. CHEMIST; 735. ISTH^{us}-MUS; 736. MUSIMON.

Down: 1. OSSIA*; 11. COCCI-neous.
* Anag.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: G. M. Tarpey (Manchester, 21); 2nd prize: A. D. Izzard (London, N.6); 3rd prize: Miss G. M. Churchill (Cersham)

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